

The BULLETIN

OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON SOCIETY



JOHN WOODHOUSE AUDUBON

"FLYING SQUIRRELS"

VOLUME XXXV

DECEMBER, 1951

Number 9

MASSACHUSETTS AUDUBON SOCIETY

FOUNDED 1896 INCORPORATED 1914

FOR THE PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS AND MAMMALS

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OF THE

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The President's Page



A few years after Samuel de Champlain was listening with pleasure to the birds in his garden at Port Royal, he met with a fisherman in the Bay of Fundy who had collected forty-seven barrels filled with the bodies of the Great Auk, it being possible to kill the Auk, owing to its very limited power of flight, without the use of firearms by merely landing on the beaches and clubbing them to death. A good deal may be said in justification of seamen, in or out of season, thus obtaining fresh meat for food in case of need.

Ralph Lawson has called attention to the publication of the following item in a newspaper of Portland, Maine, one hundred years ago:

Wanted at Graffam's Eating House, 111 Federal Street — all kinds of Wild Birds, for which the highest cash price will be given — such as Woodcock, Plover, Quail, Snipe, Sand-birds, Robins, Cherry-birds, Yellow Hammers, Bluejays, Woodpeckers, Pigeon Hawks, Night Hawks, Whippoorwill, Long-bills, Wild Ducks, Partridges, etc., etc. Likewise gray squirrels. All the delicacies of the season cooked to order.

Bird protection came slowly in North America, but it was faster than in England, where the egg collector demanded not individual eggs but complete sets, or on the Continent, where every sort of bird was netted and until recently, in Italy, they were blinded to make them sing better. Dr. Axel Munthe writes in *The Story of San Michele*, in "The Bird Sanctuary" chapter:

Do you know how they are caught in the nets? Hidden under the thickets, between the poles, are caged decoy birds who repeat incessantly, automatically their monotonous call. They cannot stop, they go on calling out night and day till they die. Long before science knew anything about the localization of the various nerve-centres in the human brain, the devil had revealed to his disciple man his ghastly discovery that by stinging out the eyes of a bird with a red-hot needle the bird would sing automatically. It is an old story, it was already known to the Greeks and the Romans, it is still done today all along the southern shores of Spain, Italy*, and Greece. Only a few birds in a hundred survive the operation, still it is good business, a blinded quail is worth twenty-five lire in Capri today. During six weeks of the spring and six weeks of the autumn, the whole slope of Monte Barbarossa was covered with nets from the ruined castle on the top down to the garden-wall of San Michele at the foot of the mountain. It was considered the best *caccia* on the whole island, as often as not over a thousand birds were netted in a single day. The mountain was owned by a man from the mainland, an ex-butcher, a famous specialist in the blinding of birds, my only enemy in Anacapri except the doctor. Ever since I had begun building San Michele the war between him and me had been going on incessantly. I had appealed to the Prefect of Naples, I had appealed to the Government in Rome, I had been told there was nothing to be done, the mountain was his, the law was on his side.

*Now forbidden by law.

Robert Walcott

A Little-Known Self-Portrait of Audubon

BY JOHN B. MAY



COURTESY ROBERT C. VOSE GALLERIES AND THE AUTHOR

Anything which has to do with the name of Audubon is worthy of note, especially in this Year of Our Lord Nineteen Fifty-one, the centenary of the death of the great pioneer artist-naturalist. Contemporary portraits of Audubon are few, and a self-portrait is of particular interest.

The Robert C. Vose Galleries in Boston recently received an oil painting bearing on its frame the inscription "John James Audubon, Self-Portrait, Hunting Bittern." It is in an excellent state of preservation and is, I believe, unique in Audubonia. The owner wrote that the painting had been in the family's possession for twenty-five years or so, and that it had always been referred to as "the Audubon portrait." I have been unable to find any reference to such a self-portrait in any of the books on Audubon which I have examined, but it holds in itself sufficient evidence to convince me that this is indeed the work of John James Audubon himself.

Audubon's skill as a bird painter developed slowly and by process of "trial and error." He received a few lessons from the French artist David while still a schoolboy in France, and at Mill Grove he spent much time making pencil or crayon drawings of birds and flowers and other objects which attracted his attention, following this with water-color paintings. In those later difficult

days in Kentucky and Louisiana he perfected his skill in water colors but it was not until 1822, in Natchez, Mississippi, when he met an itinerant portraitist named Stein, that he received his first lessons in the use of oils. Though Audubon did considerable experimenting with this new medium, he never seemed to feel fully at home with it. During the years which he spent in Europe, 1826-1829, Audubon painted some quite pretentious works in oils, many of which he sold at that time in order to support himself while arranging for the publication of his proposed *Birds of America* and soliciting subscriptions to that great work. Some of these paintings are well known today, like the large oil painting of "English Pheasants Surprised by a Spanish Dog," of which one copy is preserved in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. The fact that the subject of this article is in oils suggests that it was painted during this period of Audubon's career.

Audubon himself has described his appearance in those days of his youth at Mill Grove. "I measured five feet ten and one half inches, was of fair mien, and quite a handsome figure; large, dark blue and rather sunken eyes, light-colored eyebrows, aquiline nose, and a fine set of teeth; hair, fine in texture and luxuriant, divided and passing down behind each ear in luxuriant ringlets as far as my shoulders." "All this time I was as fair and rosy as a girl, though strong, indeed stronger than most men." And as for dress, he himself said in later years that he was a "young popinjay," going shooting in "satin smallclothes or breeches, with silk stockings and the finest ruffled shirt Philadelphia could afford." The painting shows an attractive young man in his late teens or early twenties, rosy-cheeked, wearing a hat suggestive of the typical John Bull of early English sporting scenes, a dark coat, red waistcoat, and fine ruffled shirt. The satin breeches and silk stockings are replaced by more sensible apparel, however. The long-barreled muzzle-loading shotgun is very similar to one known to have been owned by Audubon.

But even more convincing is the dog in the act of seizing the wounded bittren. Audubon was noted for his ability in training dogs, "especially his dog Zephyr," and he owned many dogs at different times. The spaniel in this picture is mostly white, with brown ears, a brown spot at the base of its white tail, and just a suggestion of a rich brown over its left hip, which shows plainly in the painting however. In the large picture mentioned above, "English Pheasants Surprised by a Spanish Dog," the same markings are shown, but as the dog is viewed from the left, the brown spot on that side shows in full. I believe that the two dogs are one and the same, which to me is pretty good evidence that the paintings are the work of a single artist.

One other bit of inside evidence. Mill Grove Farm received its name from the grist mill on the property, operated by water power from a low dam across the Perkiomen Creek near its junction with the Schuylkill River. Across the creek from the old stone farmhouse where Audubon lived are low lands, today the haunts of Red-winged Blackbirds, and in Audubon's day probably of American Bitterns. Looking from those lowlands toward Mill Grove the scene is very much that of the picture, in the contours of its wooded hills and the general lay of the land, as I viewed the area on a recent visit to Mill Grove with Mr. Norris Wright and Mr. Raymond J. Middleton, two of the county commissioners who are now converting Audubon's first home in America into a museum in memory of the artist-naturalist.

So I am of the opinion that this painting is indeed a "Self-Portrait" of John James Audubon, painted probably in England or Scotland between 1826 and 1829, depicting a familiar scene of his youth in Pennsylvania.

Perseverance Brings Success

By DAVIS H. CROMPTON



ROGER TORY PETERSON

I saw European Goldfinches for the first time in southern England, on August 4, 1934, when traveling with Harry Parker, who was at one time Director of the Natural History Museum in Worcester and later Park Naturalist at Yosemite National Park in California. During that trip and one the following summer I saw European Goldfinches in a few other places in England, including one of the London city parks, and I also have seen birds of this species from time to time in bird stores and zoological gardens.

In spite of reports of their occurrence in the Connecticut Valley in Massachusetts during the 1930's and 1940's, I was never able to find a European Goldfinch in that territory, and for a time I dropped the idea of ever seeing this species in the United States. However, after reading of the bird in Allan Cruickshank's *Birds of the New York City Region*, I turned my attention to Long Island and decided to make a trip to Massapequa in search of the elusive alien.

In July of 1948 my cousin and I made our first visit to Massapequa but sought in vain for a sight of this interesting species. Shortly after that trip, I learned of the reported occurrence of the California House Finch on Long Island, in the Hewlett region. Two names were given me as authorities — Dr. Berliner, of Hewlett, on the House Finch, and John J. Elliott, of Seaford, on the European Goldfinch — and again my interest was stimulated in a search for the two exotic species of birds.

In March of 1949 I again went to Long Island, accompanied by my cousin. Dr. Berliner and Mr. Elliott both proved most co-operative, and we saw two or three of the House Finches under the tutelage of the former, but we were unable at that time to discover any Goldfinches.

Again in August of 1949 I renewed my search at Seaford and Massapequa, this time accompanied by Douglas Kraus, but again I was unsuccessful in my quest of the European Goldfinch, and it was not until July of 1951 that I was able to make another try, this time visiting Hewlett, Seaford, and Massapequa in company with Leon Magee, of Cook's Canyon Wildlife Sanctuary. At long last my efforts were crowned with success! Our first glimpse was just before sunset on July 23, when Mr. Elliott pointed out to us a European Goldfinch as it flew towards the western sky, though we were unable to get a good look at it in the brief moment it was in sight. Mr. Magee determined to return to the spot fairly early the next morning, but I felt sleepy and thought I would go over after breakfast. However, when morning came I was up early and ready to start out with my companion. We picked up Mr. Elliott at Seaford en route, and soon after we reached the spot where we had our brief glimpse

the evening before Mr. Elliott's accustomed ear detected characteristic notes of the goldfinches. To me they suggested a combination of the notes of an American Goldfinch and a Barn Swallow. Within a few minutes we had located four European Goldfinches, either perched on trees or flying over, but our views were brief and unsatisfactory until a male alighted at the tip of an eight-foot tree only about twenty-five feet distant and gave us a very good opportunity to note its red face and other markings. Soon he commenced to sing, with more or less the same American Goldfinch-Barn Swallow quality, showing his yellow wing-patch at the same time. We watched him singing for five minutes or so until a passing man and dog frightened him away.

So my persistency was at last rewarded with a good observation of this bird, whose naturalization in the States has been attempted several times but generally with very poor success. Mr. Elliott told us that the species seems to have been decreasing in recent years on Long Island, and its continuance there is problematical.

My Cuban Holiday

BY ROBERT L. GRAYCE

Although only a scant ninety miles south of the Florida Keys, Cuba lies entirely within the Tropic Zone. For anyone fascinated, as I am, by the world's wildlife, such a tropical region possesses a great attraction. Ever since I first saw Winslow Homer's aquarelles of West Indian scenes, I've been eager to see for myself that deep indigo of the Gulf Stream, that bright green along the shore line where the breakers burst upon the beaches and the ever-changing blues of the deeper waters offshore, and to hear the rattle of the palms in the persistent trade winds.

I needed a vacation, a change of scene, and to see new faces and new birds. For an expansion of horizons and of breadth of knowledge, for a first major penetration into the Torrid Zone, even in summer, Cuba is readily accessible. Though one may fly from Miami or Key West in an hour or so, the best approach to Cuba for a naturalist is a leisurely one by boat. From New York to Cuba, cargo ships accommodating half a dozen passengers take three full days. And a pleasant sail it is in good weather. After clearing Hatteras, the ships swing over toward the Low Country coast and pass close along the Florida shore from near Palm Beach to the "elbow," with a view of the massed skyscrapers of Miami against the western horizon. Audubon's Shearwaters and Wilson's Petrels were the commonest birds at sea in early June between Hatteras and the Florida Straits. I felt quite lucky to be able to add four new birds to my "life list." These were the Man-o'-War Bird, or Frigate Pelican as Audubon knew it, and three terns, the Sooty, Noddy, and Bridled, the first two breeding on the Dry Tortugas, the last a summer resident of the West Indies which is said to be increasing in numbers.

Havana, the largest city in the Caribbean region, is as different from cities I had seen in the United States as London is from Paris. My first impression, and one which persisted, was that of Spanish grandeur transplanted into an exotic cadre. The traditional gridwork pattern of intersecting, extremely narrow streets is embellished by a profusion of plazas and wide avenues. The drive from the seaside Malecon passing the presidential palace and the famed Prado is as outstanding as the Champs Elysees. The Capitol, resembling ours in Washington, has been described as the most beautiful building in Latin America; certainly it is one of the most lavishly decorated.

In Havana the vegetation is at once most evident and most inviting. It is composed largely of cosmopolitan ornamentals which are often dwarfed by the lean magnificence of the royal palm, *Roystonea regia*, which, whether found in neatly spaced rows or as single individuals, is an indicator of the rich soil of the agricultural savannah where the island's most important crop, the sugar cane, is cultivated. Cuba is indeed a land of palms, reputedly having one hundred varieties placed in seventeen genera.

Very different in manner of growth from the slender royal palm is the silk-cotton tree, or Ceiba, whose elephantine trunk and rubbery-looking branches are topped by a light growth of palmately compound leaves. Economically its fame rests on its seed pods, which yield the kapok of commerce used in life preservers, upholstery, and in insulation, but I shall always think of the Ceiba as a source of nesting material for birds. At Vinales, in western Cuba, I watched Antillean Cliff Swallows plying between the limestone caves where they nest and the fruiting trees to snatch in mid-air the "silk-cotton" as it drifted by on the breeze. In Havana the "Tree of Friendship" chosen and planted by the Pan-American countries as a symbol of growing co-operation is a Ceiba. Each nation sent soil from its own country to nourish its growth; our contribution was brought from historic Mount Vernon.

One other tree stands out vividly in one's first impressions, the flamboyant, poinciana, or flame tree, as it is variously known, appearing like an ailanthus or a black locust with an orange icing, its brilliant blossoms seeming to ignite the plaza beside Havana's ancient La Fuerza fortress.

Tropical gardens as well as forests differ from those of temperate latitudes in the role played by foliage and blossoming shrubs. Herbaceous plants, annuals and perennials, are notably uncommon. Crotons, coleuses, and euphorbias splash colors in banded plots, enhancing sometimes the gleaming cannas which serve as accent marks.

The outstanding shrub, found everywhere about homes and parks, is the brilliant hibiscus, widely introduced from the South Pacific islands. It is a favorite plant with the hummingbirds. Cuba has two of these dainty feathered mites, the Emerald Hummingbird, *Chlorostilbon ricordii* and the Bee Hummer, *Mellisuga helenae*. The former is the larger, with a prominently notched tail. In many ways the most unusual bird observed on my Cuban holiday was the Bee Hummingbird, the world's smallest bird, only two and one quarter inches in length, which I saw in only one locality, the town of Vicente in Pinar del Rio. Its swiftly beating wings make it appear gossamer-like in flight, and hence its alternate name of Fairy Hummingbird. The extreme width of the wings at the body and their long length tapering to an acute point make the bird seem more wings than body. Although I looked carefully, never did I find hummingbirds in any of the attractive gardens of the cities, which was in contrast to my experiences with their Mexican relatives, owing, perhaps, to a lack of hummer-attracting flowers in the Cuban gardens.

A large number of the Cuban shrubs and small trees are berry-producing varieties which, interspersed through the forests, add much color and interest as well as supply food for wildlife. One of the most beautiful birds I watched was a so-called frugivorous species, the Cuban Trogon, uncrested and blunt-tailed but otherwise resembling the resplendent male Quetzal of Honduras and Guatemala, which is iridescent green above set off by a rich crimson below. This pan-tropical group of birds represented by a single Cuban species

is noted for the fact that the New World birds are more partial to fruits than their relatives abroad.

Another fruit-eater, the Striped-headed Tanager, *Spindalis zena*, is the only member of the family which breeds in Cuba, an interesting distributional item. It is uncommon and I saw only one bird, a male.

One midday, while panting up a hill of the Sierra de los Organos in western Cuba, I was rewarded by the sight of a rare Azulito, the only view I was to have of this fruit-juice-consuming New World honey-creeper, a fine male.

Man and birds have not always lived harmoniously together, and I felt sad when I visited the Gundlach bird collection in Havana and beheld the specimens of the gorgeous Cuban Macaw, which became extinct nearly one hundred years ago. Like the Carolina Paroquet, the Cuban Macaw was fond of cultivated fruit, and man would not let it survive in competition with his selfish interests. The urge to protect and preserve wild life is cultural, I believe, and develops slowly. The Cuban government is now attempting to raise the cultural level of its people, but the desire to preserve natural beauty has not reached the stage of promoting any wide scale refuge or sanctuary program. Wild Oriente, the vast marshes and the mountains with natural forest growths, should (and we hope will) last until the proper sentiment for conservation arises. Cuba needs the services of an Audubon Society!

I found Cienfuegos harbor and bay to be an excellent spot for water birds. Man-o'-War Birds come right into the harbor of this third largest city of Cuba, as do the Brown Pelicans and several terns (it was the site of my Cabot's Tern). Just outside Cienfuegos at Soledad is the Botanical Garden of Harvard University, noted for its many tropical plants and so well described by the late Thomas Barbour in *A Naturalist in Cuba*. Here I had a long study of the Cuban Tody, that aberrant kingfisher (more like a hummingbird) of a family restricted to the West Indies.

Zapata Swamp is a vast marsh bounded on one side by Cochinos Bay, which is good for fresh-water birds, and there I saw wild West Indies Tree Ducks. I reached it from Jaguey Grande down a narrow gauge railroad from the sugar plantation of Australia Central. Part of the trip is through what was formerly a mahogany forest, over a roadbed under water most of the time, which makes one feel that he is in a power launch rather than on a train.

For birders, C. Russell Mason recommends highly the Isle of Pines, which is reached by an overnight steamer three times a week from Batabana, directly across Cuba from Havana, on the south coast. In "Come with Me to Jones's Jungle," in the *Bulletin* for October, 1948, Mr. Mason describes his adventures there and gives many helpful identification hints, particularly about the difficult flycatchers. My own birding Shangri-La proved to be the region about the valley of Vinales in Pinar del Rio in western Cuba, especially the small town of Vicente. Limestone hillocks or *mogotes* and winding sierras cloaked a lush forest growth with a fascinating plant life, where my interest was heightened by the enchanting antiphonal music of the Cuban Solitaire. Busses go regularly through the town to pine forests, mixed forests, and savannahs, and to seaside fishing villages resembling a "movie set." The city of Havana itself offers little of interest to the bird-watcher; the best places perhaps are the botanical garden and the zoological park, where, for example, such birds as the Mockingbird breed. The Sagua-Barracoa area of remote Oriente is still rated as a naturalist's unspoiled field laboratory, although expedition equipment and preparation seem indicated for a prolonged stay.

Adventures With Flying Squirrels

BY ILLAR MUUL



HUGO H. SCHRODER

The Southern Flying Squirrel nest is often made of Spanish Moss.

Flying Squirrels are small rodents that come out only at night. Folds of skin attached from front to hind paws help them to make gliding leaps as far as one hundred feet. I think there are more of the Flying than any other squirrel in New England because their size and habit of coming out at night protects them from hunters. Some of the few enemies they have are weasels and owls, which come out at night too. They make their nests out of the inner bark of cedar. They build their nests in woodpecker holes, even if they have to chase the nesting bird out. Sometimes they cannot overcome the bird so they have to find nesting places in natural hollows of the trees. In many cases even these are occupied by other squirrels or nesting birds and they are forced to make homes of old birdhouses and little-used attics.

These well-marked squirrels have big black eyes, very soft brown fur, almost pure white undersides, and a distinct black line on each side which separates the brown from the white. They make the best pets I have had.

The first time I heard of one was from Mr. Douglas Sands, popular nature teacher at Camp Wonderland in Sharon. He had caught one with his jacket in the Blue Hills. Next spring someone reported a nest of them in their attic. Mr. Sands went up and captured six baby Flying Squirrels. They grew up very successfully. I tried to talk him into giving me one, but he said that he would not unless I caught him some other kind of live animal. So I set up a trap, hoping to catch a Chipmunk. (Mr. Sands wanted another kind of an animal because he was teaching at Camp Wonderland in Sharon and needed more live exhibits.) After a few days the trap began to be set off, but the

animal had gotten out somehow. One morning there were two young Chipmunks in the trap. This was quite unusual. The next day, with Mr. Levi who works at Moose Hill Sanctuary, I took the Chipmunks to Mr. Sands and received our Flying Squirrel. I liked my new pet very much and named it "Doug" after Mr. Sands. I kept Doug at the Moose Hill Sanctuary.

The next Flying Squirrels I caught at Moose Hill. This was a sunny August afternoon. I was walking through the woods and saw a lonely little birdhouse. As I came closer it did not seem so lonely after all. There was a little head looking out of the hole. I covered the birdhouse quickly with my insect net. The squirrel made no attempt to escape so I slowly pulled the nails out and took the house down. I put the birdhouse in a cage and opened it up. In it there was a female with three hairless, pink, and still blind baby Flying Squirrels. I fed the mother and the mother fed the young. Soon hair began to develop and the eyes opened. A few weeks later they learned to glide and even crack open nuts. As soon as the young were able to take care of themselves, we released the female.

So if anyone wants to see them, we'll be glad to show them to you at the Moose Hill Sanctuary. Come and visit us SOON.

EDITOR'S NOTE. The readers of this interesting article should remember that the members of the staff of the Massachusetts Audubon Society are opposed, in principle, to the keeping of wild birds, mammals, or other wild creatures in captivity for any length of time. We believe, however, that exceptions may be made occasionally to this rule when *the value of the live animals as teaching material* outweighs our objection to its confinement. Most of the live exhibits used in our teaching program have been brought to us as helpless young or injured or sick individuals, and we have nursed them back to health and then released them. Only very rarely have they, as in the case of these Flying Squirrels, been procured especially for teaching purposes.

By the time this article appears in the *Bulletin* these young Flying Squirrels, like their mother before them, will probably have been returned unharmed to their natal habitat in the woods at Moose Hill, where, because of their crepuscular habits, their presence passes almost unnoted except by our embryo naturalists like Illar Muul.

A Word From An Audubon Worker

While working at Moose Hill Sanctuary during the past few years it has been my pleasure to meet many interesting people, both young and old. Since the coming of Director Bussewitz to the Sanctuary, the number of visitors has increased manyfold. The contact with these visitors has been most rewarding. One of my most stimulating contacts has been with the author of the above article on Flying Squirrels. With his parents and younger brother, a family of displaced persons, he had come to the United States from Esthonia. Our country is indeed fortunate to receive as new citizens people of such fine caliber as the Muuls. Illar, who is now in the eighth grade in the Sharon High School, has been a regular visitor at the Sanctuary, coming at least twice a week, and usually more often. He has attended the Natural History Day Camp at Sharon and the Wildwood Camp at Barre (Cook's Canyon). It has been most rewarding to me to be with such fine young people as Illar and the many other boys and girls who come to Moose Hill Sanctuary. Were other members of the Audubon Society to be granted the same privilege as I, they would feel gratified indeed in having even a small part in providing toward the support of our fine organization, the Massachusetts Audubon Society.

HARRY LEVI

Summer Sunshine: A Memory of Miss Minna Hall

By EMILY HALE

Three of us were sitting on the sheltered porch at the southwest corner of the house — the house where the Little Lady (as we always thought of her) was born nearly ninety-two years ago. About the house lay lawns on which trees and shrubs gave shade and color in the cycle of the seasons. A pond almost hidden from sight by the thicket of growth circling it added to the impression that we were enjoying the amenities of a country estate, miles from a city, rather than a spot of sanctuary in the midst of a suburban residential district. The birds who regarded the Little Lady's home and grounds as also belonging to them shared with us the June afternoon sun and breeze.

Planes at regular intervals interrupted any conversation between us.

"The bird bath needs filling," said the Little Lady, a benefactress for years to every bird which flew in to see her, and she stepped, like the brightest little bird of all, to summon assistance. Soon the bath under the great pine was filled to the brim.

"There's a Song Sparrow now. They are a little afraid to go into the water until they see how deep it is."

Three pairs of eyes focussed upon the cautious bather as he nervously approached what seemed to him a bottomless pool.

"I hope that black cat isn't around anywhere," said the Little Lady. "Thomas tries to drive him away, but he's always coming back. Myra tries to shoo him off too when she sees him from the kitchen window."

The smell of pine needles in the hot sunshine was suddenly delicious to our senses. Tiny drops scattered by the active little bather in front of us splashed lightly back upon the clear water as he preened.

"Do you hear another Song Sparrow there by the pond?" asked our hostess. "There, the bath is finished at last." The pool resumed an unbroken surface, and the bather dried himself decorously in the sun.

"My Great-uncle George was once lost between this house and Grandfather Dexter's. The houses were only a mile apart across what were meadows then, where the town playground now lies. My father heard a man calling for help, and when he investigated found Great-uncle George completely lost down the lane."

The Little Lady's bright blue eyes twinkled as she recalled the discomfiture of her great-uncle George under such humiliation.

"I think," said the younger guest, "that a baby bird is having trouble in the trumpet vine under your window."

"What kind of a bird do you think it is?" asked the Little Lady.

"Well, there are Blue Jays making a great fuss near the lilac bush by the gate."

"Two days ago," said the Little Lady, "a young thrush was learning to fly. I could easily see it from my bedroom window. They are so helpless at first."

A plane roared again across the sky — flying, as we say, like a bird.

"I wish more birds would come to the bird bath," said the younger guest.

"Do you remember, Edith, how we watched the birds crowd each other in and out of your Washington garden bird bath?" the Little Lady asked with interest, wishing wistfully she might again see the birds and flowers of the Pacific coast.

The sun caught the round circle of brilliants pinned to the ruching of her black silk dress. There was silence momentarily in the lilac bushes, in the trumpet vine, and in the sky.

Then a Robin flew near to the bath, caught sight of the three figures on the porch, but did not recognize the Little Lady and so flew off again.

"We must be going too," said the younger guest.

"I wish you wouldn't," said the Little Lady, "but I'll walk to the corner with you." And in her black straw hat, shading bright eyes and pink cheeks, and her simple black silk dress, the brisk little figure went with us as far as the street.

"Come again," she said. Her own gay call as we turned away was echoed, we thought, by the birds.

A few weeks more and the Little Lady had gone with the birds on her last long flight.

"So Much For So Little"

In the Spirit of the Season

For weeks past "Audubon's Store" at Audubon House has been making preparation for the Christmas season — the season of good will expressed by giving. There you will find a tempting array of distinctive and appropriate gifts for the member of the family or the friend whose special interest is in the outdoor world or, more particularly, in birds. Here are displayed Christmas cards of novel design, a variety of attractive calendars, unusual styles in stationery, beautiful bird and flower prints, exquisitely fashioned jewelry and carved birds, the latest books — adventure, children's stories, nature essays, and a wide variety of natural history subjects — as well as the perennial favorites and standard works, and a host of other seductive wares. But we submit that, in the last analysis, the choicest gift obtainable — for price, pleasure, and profit — is a Gift Membership in the Massachusetts Audubon Society, including a year's subscription to the *Bulletin*, for just three dollars. Have you not someone on your Christmas list to whom you would like to express your good will at this festive season by presenting him or her with an Audubon membership, and all that is embodied in such a selection? And so we say: For distinctive gifts try Audubon's Store, and for distinctive giving — a Gift Membership.

Now, as we welcome the new members listed below and express our special gratitude to the older members whose names carry stars this month, the Editors extend to every member of the Audubon family cordial greetings and best wishes for a Joyous Christmas.

Contributing Members

- *Alexander, Mrs. Donald C., Nahant
- *Bristol, Mrs. Benjamin, Foxboro
Camp Taconic, Hinsdale
- *Higginson, Francis L., Wenham
- *Weld, Miss Elizabeth R., Brookline
- Winant, Frederick, Alexandria, Va.

Supporting Members

- *Foerster, Carl, Stamford, Conn.
- *Fox, Mrs. Matthew J., Brookline
- Gaskill, Mrs. Walter W., Belmont
- Parker, Mrs. Augustin H., Charles River
- *Parshley, Mrs. Sara H., Dorchester

Thumbnail Sketches of Our Directors



ELLIOTT BRADFORD CHURCH. A descendant of William Bradford, second governor of Plymouth Colony, Mr. Church was first suggested for election to the Board of Directors of the Massachusetts Audubon Society by Francis H. Allen and has served since 1926.

Mr. Church was born in Taunton, Massachusetts, in 1873. He was educated at Harvard and there received his A. B. degree in 1895 and an LL.B. degree in 1898. He has been in general practice of law in Boston since admitted to the bar in 1898. In 1907 he married Blanche Bonnelle, of Boston, and they have two daughters, Eleanor Bradford, of New York City, and Mary Sumner Shaub, of Northampton, Massachusetts, the latter sharing her father's great enthusiasm for birds and outdoor living.

Perhaps his lifelong friend Arthur Cleveland Bent, of Taunton, helped to keep up Elliott Church's interest in birds. At any rate, they two have together counted the Ospreys nesting in southern Massachusetts and Rhode Island in an annual census which Mr. Church has engineered for years. Every Osprey nest is plotted on a map of the region and checked from year to year as to its occupancy. One nest has been continually in use for more than sixty years.

The family summer home at Harwichport on Cape Cod gives ample opportunity to keep in touch with the shore birds and Cape birding in general. Our Executive Director, C. Russell Mason, well remembers being taken to Monomoy by the Churches when he first came to Massachusetts and the thrill of the party at that time in finding a stray male Hooded Warbler during an introductory peek at the "Oasis."

Mr. Church has also kept well posted on the banding of birds through frequent visits to the O. L. Austin Ornithological Research Station and by accompanying the Shaubs on photographic expeditions to Tern Island, as well as by attending bird-banding meetings.

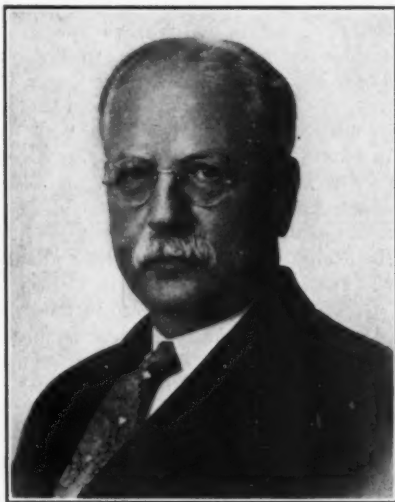
Another of his many interests is horticulture, for he is an accomplished home gardener.

Mr. Church's travels have taken him to Bermuda and the Caribbean as well as abroad.

For twelve years he served as president of the Newton Family Service Bureau. For nine years he was a member of the Newton School Committee. During World War II he was Chairman of the Fuel Oil Panel of the Newton War Price and Rationing Board, and he was also active in organizing the Newton Community Chest. He was governor of the Mayflower Society of Massachusetts. In spite of all these patriotic interests, Mr. Church has given

generously of his time and thought to the interests of the Massachusetts Audubon Society. A member of the Executive Committee of the Board, he also keeps a steady guiding hand on the Finance and Auditing Committees and has served effectively on the Sanctuary and Annual Lecture Committees.

JOHN BICHARD MAY. Dr. John Bichard May has been for more than twenty years an active Director of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, serving on its Educational and Lecture Program Committees throughout much of that period. He is now a member of the staff at Audubon House, acting as Associate Editor of the *Bulletin*, our monthly publication; lecturing for the Society; and aiding in the editing of our motion picture films. Among his most recent activities along this line was his preparation of the Society's motion picture "Audubon's America," where his intimate knowledge of Audubon's career and his journeys in quest of bird material, as well as of the birds Audubon painted, has made this film an outstanding production.



Dr. May was born in Newton, Massachusetts, August 8, 1876. He attended the public schools in Newton; Bryant and Stratton Business School; and after a few years in business, entered Boston University School of Medicine, graduating in 1904 with the degree of M. D. In 1907 he was married to Abigail Keith Worcester and they have four sons and seven grandchildren. He practiced medicine for some years in Gloucester, Duxbury, and Waban, Massachusetts, but retired from active practice to direct, with Mrs. May, the Winnetaska Canoeing Camps on the Asquam Lakes in New Hampshire.

From his early youth Dr. May has been interested in general nature study and especially ornithology. In 1923 he joined the staff of assistants of Edward Howe Forbush, gathering material for Forbush's monumental work *The Birds of Massachusetts and Other New England States*. Upon Mr. Forbush's retirement in 1928, Dr. May was appointed his successor as Director of Ornithology in the Massachusetts Department of Agriculture. On the death of Mr. Forbush ten months later, Dr. May edited Volume Three of the *Birds of Massachusetts* and carried its publication to completion. He later prepared the *Portraits of New England Birds* published by the Commonwealth. He also edited the *Natural History of the Birds of Eastern and Central North America*, abridged from Forbush's work and with the addition of one hundred species of southern birds which had been merely recorded in Forbush's New England region. Dr. May is also the author of *The Hawks of North America*, published by the National Association of Audubon Societies, a book now long out of print but in considerable demand and one that should be brought up to date and reissued. He has contributed many articles and brief notes to

Bird-Lore, *The Auk*, *Rhodora*, *The Bulletin of the Northeastern Bird-Banding Association*, and other magazines of ornithological and botanical interest. His *Guide to Bird-Watching in Massachusetts*, in our *Bulletin* for 1950, and the series on Audubon which he edited in 1951, are examples of his recent work.

For a decade, beginning in 1930, Dr. May conducted "personally escorted tours" to scenic and historic spots in the United States and Canada, always combining natural history studies with observations of scenic attractions. These tours ranged from the Gaspé along the Atlantic coast to Florida and west to California, the Canadian Rockies, and Alaska. These trips have contributed much to the lectures with motion pictures which he has delivered in recent years from Quebec to Florida and west to Illinois and Missouri.

Dr. May was at one time Councilor of Natural History and later President of the Appalachian Mountain Club, he has long been a Member of the American Ornithologists' Union, and he formerly held offices in the Northeastern Bird-Banding Association, the Federation of the Bird Clubs of New England, and the South Shore Nature Club.

The Society is fortunate in having Dr. May on its staff, not only because of his ability as an editor and lecturer, but also for his authoritative answers to the many difficult questions in natural science and conservation which come to the Society from day to day.

Introducing Recent Additions to the Audubon Staff

Mrs. William Van Grimes, of Durham, North Carolina, joined the Audubon staff in June of this year, after completing a year in educational work with the Boston Young Women's Christian Association. During the past summer she served on the staff of the Natural Science Workshop at Cook's Canyon and also as director of the Cook's Canyon Day Camp. She is now taking part in the teaching program in the schools in eastern Massachusetts and, in addition, is in charge of the public relations work of the Society and of the annual lecture series for youth and adults.

Mrs. Grimes is a graduate of the University of North Carolina, where she received her B. A. degree in English. Her first two college years, at Mars Hill College, were spent in preparing for a major in biology, and she served as laboratory instructor in zoology. She attended the Natural Science Workshop at Barre, Massachusetts, in July, 1950.

Two years prior to coming to Massachusetts, Mrs. Grimes was director of the Durham, North Carolina, Children's Museum, where the recreational and educational program reached twenty-five thousand children annually. She also furnished a daily column for young people in the *Durham Sun*. She has had extensive experience in preparing and presenting radio programs on natural history, as well as science talks to school and other groups.

Mrs. Grimes, in her work at Audubon House, will be glad to hear of any interesting incidents of bird life which come to the attention of our members throughout the State.

In October we welcomed to the staff Mrs. Betty N. Matlaw, of Washington, D. C., whose husband is now engaged in graduate studies in literature at Harvard University. Mrs. Matlaw is a graduate of the University of Michigan, where she specialized in English and philosophy and where she received the A. B. degree. She has worked in the field of radiology in Washington, D. C., and for a time was associated with Harcourt, Brace and Company, publishers, in New York City. Most recently she served as editorial secretary for

a group of faculty members at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. She finds her recreation in writing stories or "with ear glued to the phonograph."

At Audubon House Mrs. Matlaw will be in charge of visual aid material for members of the educational staff and will also assist in the Sales and Service department.

A new member of the Audubon teaching staff in the Berkshires is Miss Marjorie E. Smith, of Portland, Maine. Miss Smith was graduated *cum laude* from Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois, in 1948, where she majored in biology and where her training included field work at the Wheaton College summer camp in the Black Hills of South Dakota. The year following graduation she served as X-ray and laboratory technician in a hospital in the Southwest. In 1951 she received her Master of Arts in Science Education at Boston University, studying particularly under Dr. John Read.

During the past summer Miss Smith assisted Miss Emily Goode, of the Audubon staff, in the science program of the Nantucket Maria Mitchell Association. While insects are her special interest, she has an all-round biology background and the conservation attitude which we look for in our Audubon teachers. She is also an amateur artist of considerable talent in water color sketching.

We are glad to welcome Miss Smith to the staff of the Society and feel sure that her various abilities will add immeasurably to our program in western Massachusetts.

Also added to the teaching staff in October was Emmett G. Cleveland, of Boston, who is conducting classes in several towns in eastern Massachusetts this season. Educated at Northeastern and Boston Universities, with special studies in economics and education, he received his Master's Degree in Education from Boston University in 1948. He has taught English, history, and science in the Wakefield Junior High School, and has spent six summers as a nature counselor in various New England camps. He also spent a year and a half as a medical laboratory technician and instructor in the Army, and two years in the Rehabilitation Program.

Mr. Cleveland is president of the Boston Ornithological Club and pursues his hobbies of music and jazz, leather crafts and silversmithing. He is presently engaged in devising an aptitude test in science.

Next Audubon Field Trip

SUNDAY, JANUARY 27. Trip to Essex County. The usual popular trip for recording winter birds following Annual Meeting of the Society. Chartered bus will leave Audubon House, 155 Newbury Street, Boston, at 8:15 A. M., returning to Audubon House at 7:00 P. M. Bring lunch. Fare and guide fee, \$3.00. Fee for those using private cars and following bus, 75 cents. Reservations should be made a week in advance. Cancellations cannot be accepted after noon on Friday, January 25. Leaders: Davis Crompton, Robert Fox, C. Russell Mason, Miss Dorothy E. Snyder, and Miss Katharine Tousey.

Your Check-List for 1951

A full report of the year's birding from check-lists submitted calls for considerable preparation on the part of the compiler, and copy for the *Bulletin* must be ready well in advance of publication date. We therefore urge all co-operators to mail their check-lists to Audubon House no later than January 15.

Notes from Our Sanctuaries

PLEASANT VALLEY. It is November 1, and as I sit writing in the office of the Director's cottage it is snowing outside. Beside the house a half dozen cold Robins sit hunched up and fluffed up to keep out the chill while a few of the bolder ones pick barberries out of the hedge beneath the window feeder. The beautiful gold and red leaves that so recently covered the maple tree in the front yard with glory have fallen, and most of them have been blown off into the woods. The black cherry by the rail fence, though it is never very colorful in itself, today is a magnificent reminder of the fall colors, for it is festooned with the orange and golden berries of the bittersweet.

October was a grand month and many a visitor came here to see our beautiful valley and to walk along the trails. Many others came to see the late migrants. The feeding station area around the south end of the museum was a spot where even the most casual visitor was impressed with the number of White-throated Sparrows and Juncos. In this flock the more discerning found an occasional Chipping Sparrow, several White-crowns and Fox Sparrows, and, of course, Song Sparrows. Myrtle Warblers were often seen in twos and threes on the museum roof, where the insects basking in the reflected heat of the sun provided good hunting.

On October 8 I was walking along the beaver pond trail when I heard a distant sound, a sound like the voices of a great many people all talking at once. A short run to the open edge of the pond provided the answer to the mystery and a wonderful sight — thirty-three Canada Geese flying south in a great wedge formation. As they came nearer their cries became distinct and clear. A honking flight of geese is sound and sight enough to stir the most stolid person. Again on the shore of the beaver pond on October 3, I flushed a Wilson's Snipe from a thicket, and as it flew off in its characteristic zigzag fashion, it uttered its harsh note, a grating *scape*. It is a rare bird at Pleasant Valley.

On October 19 several Evening Grosbeaks were seen for the first time, and as they passed overhead they gave their unmistakable call. The grosbeak banding project, which sagged badly last year due to lack of birds, may have plenty of material to work on this year if this early appearance has any significance.

Of course many people came to see the Beavers. They have been very busy at the north end of the property again but have mercifully spared me the flooding of the road and all that that entails. I have been surprised, in talking with people, to learn how many have seen that excellent Disney film "Beaver Valley." Almost everyone seems to have seen and enjoyed it. Many, no doubt, have been inspired to come to Pleasant Valley to see the Beavers for themselves. There is one unfortunate aspect of that film. There were so many splendid shots of the Beaver taken in broad daylight that most people don't realize that the Beaver is nocturnal, and that if they would see a Beaver they must come at dusk — unless they would lean very heavily on good luck.

For the last three years the Sanctuary has had a covered dish supper in October. Berkshire members of the Society bring a covered dish — a salad, scalloped potatoes, meat loaf, or cake. These are placed on the great Shaker bench in the Barn until it is completely covered. A fire roars merrily in the fireplace, and the assembled Audubonites, after helping themselves liberally from the many dishes, sit at the various tables and enjoy a delightful meal in

good company. This year the supper was held on October 11. The weather did not smile on us. In fact, the rain was a downpour that became mixed with snow before the evening was over. In spite of this, over sixty hardy souls came to dinner. After the repast the tables were put aside, and there by the fireplace the group listened to a talk by Walter Prichard Eaton, distinguished author and dramatic critic. Mr. Eaton's talk dealt with the need for conservation, not only of things of economic value, but of natural beauty for its own sake. With wit and biting sarcasm he told of the failure of the State and Federal government in some cases to preserve some of the cherished beauty spots of the East. He pointed out the need for private organizations like the Massachusetts Audubon Society to set aside and keep areas in trust for future generations. Many thanks to our Honorary Vice-President and former Director, Mr. Eaton, for his stimulating talk! Everyone enjoyed it.

ALVAH W. SANBORN

ARCADIA. Birds and wildflowers, as well as mere humans, have difficulty on some golden October days determining whether 'tis spring or whether 'tis autumn. For example, here at Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary this past October a few tiny blossoms of the Canada violet were found. They were creamy white with just a touch of purple at the throat, which apparently is a little unusual. Also, throughout the month lispig Bluebirds were pretty regularly around. They spent much of their time examining nest boxes. Starlings were similarly occupied, small flocks of them taking turns at a Flicker hole in the big maple that Starlings have used for three years now. Song Sparrows obliged from time to time with their lovely song, but one of the songs we hear only during spring and fall migrations came pouring from the thickets and shrub borders all of October, when the sun shone and the breath of a pseudo spring was over the land. This, of course, was the nostalgic, sweet, sad song of the White-throated Sparrow, that *Sweet Canada, Canada, Canada* that, even when heard near human habitation, takes its hearer afar in a flash to where the spirit of wilderness dwells serenely enthroned.

As the waters of Arcadia Marsh cooled, there was a slowing down of small pond life activities there. The Great Blue Heron was present throughout, one being noted until past the middle of the month, and then two on the 25th, three on the 26th, and back to two on the 29th. Our last Black-crowned Night Heron was recorded on the 4th, the last American Bittern on the 19th.

A fine flock of sixty-five Canada Geese was seen flying past us on October 19, and on the 22nd five Canadas were seen flying up and down between the Mount Tom Range and Arcadia Headquarters. This was about a half hour after dawn and so was watched with interest while we were lying snugly in bed. Our waterfowl counts are somewhat spotty for October. For the Mallard we have two counts, four on the 2nd and twenty on the 30th. The last figure represents in all probability a concentration of Mallards in the refuge due to hunting elsewhere. We have but one count on the Black Duck, 140 on the 3rd. Baldpates were recorded five times, ranging from one bird to eight. Pintails were apparently present throughout, five being the highest count. The Green-winged Teal was noted on seven occasions, six being present on the 15th, eight on the 20th, ten on the 26th, and five on the 29th. Four Blue-winged Teal were seen on October 2 and one on October 5. No others were recorded. The Wood Duck was not too obvious until the 27th, when Bob Wood records a count of ninety-one, this again presumably being a concentration in the refuge due to outside hunting pressure. Professor Eliot

noted one male Redhead Duck on October 15. Our only shore bird for the month was a single Greater Yellow-legs on October 22.

A solitary Sharp-shinned Hawk was observed on three occasions, the last being on the 20th. One Cooper's Hawk was seen on the 29th, and one Marsh Hawk on the 20th. The Sparrow Hawk was still present, although one stretch of electric wire which usually provides a perch was not being used this year.

A few "last" dates seem to be October 3 for the Chimney Swift, the 19th for the Kingfisher, the 15th for the Flicker (we shall hope for a winterer to show up later, as is more or less usual), Phoebe on the 3rd for a "last," Catbird on the 3rd also, Blackpoll Warbler on the 3rd, and a Northern Yellowthroat on the 20th, while our last Bobolink and Scarlet Tanager were on October 3. A last date among the mammals turned up when the last bat was seen on the 17th.

On October 30 Professor Eliot found a Long-billed Marsh Wren while searching for the Nelson's Sharp-tailed Sparrow, which he has not reported this year. Notable because of the numbers recorded were the 450 Bronzed Grackles observed on the 4th, 200 on the 15th, 500 on the 19th, and down to six on the 30th.

There seemed good numbers of White-crowned Sparrows, as many as eight to twelve being counted in the Katharine Woods Memorial shrub border. As many as four at a time were noticed on the feeder there. A more accurate count of the numbers present was not made this year, no banding being carried on this fall for the first time since the Sanctuary has been under Audubon management. Also, due to there being no banding operations, we failed to get a good picture of the Lincoln's Sparrow migration. Flocks of finches were present in the field area which was seeded to provide winter food, but no rarities turned up.

The passing of October always brings forth the interesting exchange of places by the Chipping Sparrow and the Tree Sparrow. These species are hardly ever present in the same area at the same time. But the span of time between the departure of Chippy and the arrival of the "Ace Sparrow" is a brief one. At Arcadia in 1951 the Chipping Sparrow left on the 17th of October and the Tree Sparrow arrived on the 21st. Doubtless due to limited mobility of the observer, the Bluebird — Chipping Sparrow — Myrtle Warbler association was not seen this season, although Bluebirds and Myrtles were found together.

EDWIN A. MASON

COOK'S CANYON. White-crowned Sparrows, a Yellow-bellied Sapsucker, and a Grasshopper Sparrow were the rewarding sights of the first week of October. We had just a fleeting glance at the Sapsucker as he played hide-and-seek around a gigantic apple tree near the house on a morning when the bird population about headquarters was particularly large. The Grasshopper Sparrow was found in a banding trap just as the boys and girls were leaving for home after the Day Camp Reunion, thus enabling a number of guests to view him at close range and to see how well he deserves his other name — Golden-winged Sparrow. White-crowned Sparrows made their first appearance at the Sanctuary on the following day, and we enjoyed their company during the migration.

At least one pair of Red-breasted Nuthatches remained with us during the first half of the month and continued to amaze us with their temerity, some-

times approaching to within a few feet of our hands. Large flocks of Juncos and Whitethroats feasted alternately on the weed seeds in the field and at the feeders filled with Moose Hill mixture. Often there were two to three hundred of these and other sparrows in the area. The Pheasants made their first appearance of the fall to sample the Blue Jays' cracked corn.

Many of our human visitors enjoyed the variety of bird life, but few saw it at its height. Approximately fifty boys and girls attended the Day Camp Reunion, explored the Canyon, cooked out above the pond, and feasted on toasted marshmallows and roasted apples.

The Worcester Museum of Natural History held a Conservation Exhibit in Mechanics Hall, Worcester, and the Sanctuary co-operated with the Forbush Bird Club in constructing a booth featuring the feeding of winter birds and the map which shows the extent of the Society's educational work in the State.

LEON A. P. MAGEE

MOOSE HILL. The change from one season to another is always suggested by a host of phenomena observable in nature ranging from the very obvious to the most cryptic sort. About the Sanctuary the *finis* to fall was everywhere apparent by the leafless branches of the maples, ashes, and poplars that less than a month ago were blatant with color. Also in evidence was a marked change in the status of the bird and animal population. As shortening days and lowering temperatures became more pronounced, the preparations made by both plants and animals against the rigorous weeks ahead were many and diverse.

From among such change or lessening of activity it seems only natural that some observations should be singled out as especially interesting or significant because of their affording a clue or insight into the future. To a professional meteorologist the problems involved in forecasting local weather conditions for a single day may prove sufficiently hazardous, but such is no deterrent to the annual autumn harvest of adventurous souls which con the out-of-doors for clues to predict the nature of an entire season. And so it is that upon the threshold of winter there should be placed many suggestions or bits of evidence purporting to spell out the severity of the months immediately ahead. Several inquiring individuals submitted for augury bristling larvae of the tawny yellow *Isabella* tiger moth. These brown and black woolly bears that each fall are seen scurrying for shelter never fail to reap a rich harvest of speculation among human kind as to whether their bands indicate a winter relatively mild or severe. Indeed many serious workers have devoted considerable time and energy carefully measuring the brown middle and black termini of this caterpillar in an effort to divine conditions from afar, but to date it seems that no conclusive results have been made available. If it be that a broad central band of brown augurs a relatively mild and open season one wonders what deductions are to be drawn from the several caterpillars that appeared with black confined entirely to the forward portion of the body and brown tufts adorning fully three fourths of its entire length. The thickness of mammalian fur is also often regarded as a valid criterion for foretelling the future, but to date no evidence of this nature has been noted at the Sanctuary. It is true, however, that at the end of the month the Chipmunks were still seen scampering along the stone walls and apparently in no hurry to retire to winter quarters. This is considerably later than they were active in the fall a year ago.

From the movements of birds recently observed about the Sanctuary one may feel free to make his own prognosis. Throughout the month Juncos were generally abundant, but their first reported arrival on the 29th of September was considerably earlier than that of the past two years. Sizable flocks of Robins, a few Towhees, and an occasional Bluebird still frequented the Sanctuary during the final week of the month. At the feeders it was the Purple Finches, Chickadees, Downies, Nuthatches, and Juncos that were most likely to be seen. Goldfinches and Cedar Waxwings appeared sporadically in small numbers. A flock of less than a dozen Mourning Doves may again be expected to rely on a bounty of Moose Hill mixture to stoke their crops through the winter. Perhaps the most interesting highlight is afforded by the unexpectedly early arrival of the handsome Evening Grosbeaks on the 30th of October. On that date five birds, two males and three females, were observed champing the winged keys of the box elder (*Acer negundo*) growing near the residence. This appeared to be an unusually early arrival date and is in striking contrast to last winter, when we despaired of seeing any at all until four of the gourmands of the sunflower seeds put in a brief and belated appearance on the 8th of March. What this instance bodes for the future and what the status of the Evening Grosbeaks will be generally during the forthcoming weeks is interesting to conjecture. Quite properly does Forbush comment on this species as a "remarkable bird."

The outstanding attraction to visitors during the fore part of the month was the brilliant display of fall foliage, but many observers found little less of color and interest in the wide variety of fall fruits about headquarters and along the trails. One never ceases to be amazed at the speed with which birds discover the ripening fruits of certain trees and shrubs and put the current harvest to rout. The food preferences run a wide range as to plants and birds, but one relatively common native shrub that combines beauty and palatability to an exceptionally high degree is the flowering dogwood (*Cornus florida*). Once the clusters of glossy red berries have reached maturity the hosts of migrating Robins and other birds hasten en masse to feast on them. News also travels fast along the avian grapevine when the golden fruits of the mountain ash (*Sorbus*) and the sapphire-blue clusters of the sweetleaf (*Symplocos paniculata*) reach their edible prime. On several occasions a Ruffed Grouse was flushed from the fruiting branches of a black haw (*Viburnum prunifolium*) on the Nature Trail, and it is strongly suspected that this repeated choice of perching site is in no small measure attributable to the berries with which it is laden.

During the month conducted field trips along the Sanctuary trails were arranged for nature-minded classes from Norwood, Walpole, Foxboro, and Sharon. Favorable weather and pleasant nature experiences were also the happy lot of the adult natural history class that visited the Sanctuary on the 20th under the guidance of Miss Frances Sherburne, of the Audubon staff.

ALBERT W. BUSSEWITZ

PROCTOR SANCTUARY. More and more Audubon Society members and their friends are discovering the Sanctuary. Even those whose primary interest is birding come back to the Headquarters House enthusiastic over some new shrub or tree which they have found on their walk. We look forward to the eventual proper labeling of the Arboretum. It will be a tremendous task but also a very interesting one, and we hope to have the aid of trained botanists.

The fourth week of October brought in flock after flock of Blackbirds. Evening Grosbeaks appeared on the 20th and for several days after. Purple Finches, Robins, Myrtle Warblers, Cedar Waxwings, and White-throated Sparrows have been feeding together on the Malus plantings. On the 28th, five Marsh Hawks, three Pigeon Hawks, and one Broad-wing went over. The next morning we had a Cooper's. The night of the 30th we heard Canada Geese in the "Bunker Meadows," and the next morning at dawn we put up over eighty of them. Wood Ducks frequent the rockery pond, and occasionally a Pied-billed Grebe and a few Black Ducks come in. Families of Bluebirds played all about the outbuildings and very wistfully examined the nesting boxes about the top of the Hill. There is so much natural food for the birds that we shall find it difficult to attract them to the feeders.

Deer continue to come up close to the House. On the 27th we found three Raccoons in one tree and a fourth in a near-by tree, undoubtedly put up by dogs which we had been hearing all morning.

Another Work Party during the month brought out many helpers. A long section of the Swamp Edge Trail was opened up and many "look-sees" cut through for views of the river meadows and the islands. Now that the Great Swamp is again bedecked in browns and other woody colors, its quiet beauty makes it a restful place to walk about or paddle. The uplands have been very colorful with the brilliant foliage of the European smokebush. The star-shaped leaves of the sweet gums, or liquidambars, are not unlike Christmas tree ornaments as they dance in the wind. That delightful undergrowth tree the witch hazel, with its ribbon-petaled yellow flowers, brightens up the grayest day.

The Sanctuary is serving an important place in neighboring communities. Mrs. Robinson, our resident teacher, has given a talk and shown kodachrome slides of the Sanctuary for the Wenham P. T. A. Girl Scouts under her leadership are working on conservation projects here. Two high school lads from Marblehead have built seventy-five nesting boxes for Saw-whet and Screech Owls and have a winter's project in putting them up about the Sanctuary.

The winter months offer much to visitors here, with miles of trails to walk and enjoy through protecting woods.

ELMER P. FOYE

Recollections of Bradstreet Hill

An unfortunate error occurred in connection with the article under the above caption which appeared in the *Bulletin* for October. Credit for the article should have been given to Mr. Alvah Bradstreet, of Danvers, Massachusetts, a nonagenarian who still takes an active interest in the work of the Massachusetts Audubon Society and in our fine new reservation on the Ipswich River. Mr. Alvah Bradstreet contributed the first six paragraphs of the article and transmitted to us our quotations from the "Reminiscences" of Nathaniel Cleveland Bradstreet, which were written many years ago. We regret our failure to give proper credit to the president of the Bradstreet Family Association in publishing this interesting bit of historical material regarding the Proctor Wildlife Sanctuary and Annie H. Brown Reservation.

THE EDITOR

The centenary of the death of John James Audubon has been recognized in a bill which was recently passed by Congress and signed by President Truman, which officially declares the year 1951 to be "Audubon Year."

Whimbrel Sighted in Massachusetts

On Monomoy Island off Chatham, Cape Cod, in the late afternoon of September 7, 1951, Wallace Bailey, of Stoneham, had the good fortune while looking over flocks of shore birds to discover a Whimbrel (*Numenius phaeopus phaeopus* or *islandicus*) among a small group of Hudsonian Curlews (*Numenius phaeopus hudsonicus*). He was attracted to the strange bird by the dowitcherlike back stripe and white rump, so different from the Hudsonian Curlews with which the bird was associated. He watched the bird for some time and reported it that evening to the group of Massachusetts Audubon Society and Northeastern Bird-Banding Association members meeting at Wayside Inn, Chatham, for the annual Cape Campout, for which Mr. Bailey was serving as a guide.

At five o'clock the next afternoon, September 8, Davis H. Crompton, of Worcester, Field Agent for the Society, and Glenn A. Weeks, of Greenfield, after spending the day at sea on the Audubon Campout cruise, landed on the Monomoy flats by plane. Five minutes later they found the Whimbrel and observed it for some time.

The following afternoon, September 9, Alvah W. Sanborn, Director of Pleasant Valley Sanctuary, with Robert C. Wood, member of our teaching staff, and Chandler Fulton, of Naugatuck, Connecticut, kept the bird under observation for an hour. From six o'clock until dark that same afternoon a group consisting of Mrs. Ruth P. Emery, Editor of *Records of New England Birds*, Samuel A. Eliot, Jr., of Northampton, Mrs. Fred H. Foster, of Worcester, C. Russell Mason, Executive Director of the Society, and Mr. Bailey watched the Whimbrel at distances as close as sixty feet. Mrs. Foster took several photographs. First the bird was alone, then it joined Hudsonian Curlews, in numbers from two to six, until the group finally built up to twenty-two Hudsonian Curlews and the Whimbrel. A detailed description of the bird recorded by this group on the spot indicated that it was the size of the smaller individuals among the Hudsonian Curlews. The main differences were the very prominent white mark on the lower back which extended and broadened out on the rump; the head was much like the Hudsonian Curlew, with prominent lines on the side and a line through the center of the sepia crown; the bill was the same length as the shorter-billed individuals among the Hudsonian Curlews; the back was more grayish and darker than the Hudsonian Curlews; and the under parts, especially the flanks and belly, were white or very light gray, practically unmarked, in contrast to the brownish or buffy color, well streaked, of the Hudsonian Curlews; this light appearance made the bird stand out in contrast to the Curlews at a considerable distance; underlinings of the wings were also very light. Call notes heard several times were similar to the Hudsonian Curlew, but more varied and musical. The Whimbrel has sometimes been called the seven-note bird, as the calls are often in series of seven; the call note has also been described as "rippling." The bird appeared as wild as the Curlews in not permitting too close approach.

Other observers tried unsuccessfully to find the Whimbrel during the morning and early afternoon hours, between September 8 and 15, but this bird, with many of its companion Curlews, apparently appeared on the flats only near high tide in the late afternoon and evening. However, Hamilton Coolidge, of Chestnut Hill, reported on October 1, without knowing that the Whimbrel had been discovered on Monomoy, that he had spied a Whimbrel with a flock of nine Hudsonian Curlews on Great Island, Hyannis, on Septem-

ber 16. As this spot is just about fifteen miles due west of the flats on Monomoy where the other groups observed the Whimbrel, and just one week later than the latest observation on Monomoy, it apparently was the same bird.

On September 14, under the direction of James L. Peters, Mr. Mason and Mr. Bailey examined skins of the various races of *Numenius phaeopus* at the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Harvard University, and decided that the Whimbrel observed certainly was either the European or the Icelandic race, not the Siberian. The Siberian form has the white rump and back heavily streaked and barred with olive brown, well obscuring the white marking.

While these sight records of the Whimbrel may not be officially accepted, since the bird was not collected, the Whimbrel is so unmistakable and was seen so well by many competent observers that it seems desirable to publish the account in the *Bulletin*. Perhaps the same individual may be sighted elsewhere along the Atlantic coast as the shore birds move southward.

Aside from this Cape report there are only four recorded occurrences of the Whimbrel for North America. These include a European Whimbrel (*N. p. phaeopus*) shot near Gilgo Inlet, Long Island, September 4, 1912 (*The Auk*, 1915, Vol. 32 p. 226); two Iceland Whimbrels (*N. p. islandicus*), one taken off Sable Island, Nova Scotia, now in the collection of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, examined and referred to this race, by J. L. Peters, and a second, a female, collected by H. S. Peters and T. D. Burleigh on Boise Island in Pistolet Bay, Newfoundland, June 27, 1943; a single Siberian Whimbrel (*N. p. variegatus*) collected by Brower at Point Barrow, Alaska, June 10, 1938.

Sanctuary Guest House Available

By the almost complete furnishing of the cottage at Proctor Wildlife Sanctuary by friends and members of the Society, accommodations are now available at the Sanctuary for members who wish to spend week ends, or a week, observing the birds and the interesting plant life of the region. Reservations should be made direct with Elmer P. Foye, Director of the Proctor Wildlife Sanctuary, Topsfield, Massachusetts. Mr. Foye may be reached by telephone in the evening at Topsfield 47.

The cottage has two bedrooms, accommodating four, a bath, living room with fireplace, and a fully equipped kitchen. Blankets will be provided, but members must furnish their own sheets and pillow cases. The charge for use of the cottage will be five dollars a day.

Guests will care for their own rooms and are expected to leave the cottage in the same condition as they find it. The cottage is heated and can be used through the winter months if desired. Mr. Foye has made arrangements to keep the water turned on in the cottage at least through the month of December, until it is determined how much demand there will be for its use. Advance reservations should be made for visits during the migration season in April and May, when there is likely to be a demand for these accommodations.

For members who come alone, and for whom the charge for the cottage would be high, a guest room with bath is available in the headquarters residence, at two dollars a day. The residence is convenient to the driveway, in case of snowy weather, and as no cooking facilities are provided it will be necessary to drive to town for meals.

**For A Christmas Gift, Why Not A
Membership in the Massachusetts Audubon Society?**

Will Massachusetts Score Again?

The National Wildlife Federation in Washington is now announcing its Fifteenth Annual Conservation Contest, with Seven Hundred Dollars in prizes offered to school children throughout the country.

In 1947 Miss Alba Pini, of Roslindale, won the first prize in her class, \$250.00. In 1948 Miss Mary Locklin, of Roslindale, won the second prize of \$100.00. Both girls were pupils of Miss Grace N. Aznive, an enthusiastic member of the Massachusetts Audubon Society and an active worker for conservation. Who will win in 1952?

The contest is open to all students in the United States from seventh grade through high school. Group I will include all students in grades 7, 8 and 9; Group II will include high school students through the senior year.

Posters may be in oil, watercolor, black and white, and other media, and must be sent to the Poster Contest, National Wildlife Federation, Washington 10, D. C., to be received not later than January 31, 1952. Further details may be obtained from the Massachusetts Audubon Society, 155 Newbury St., Boston, or from the National Wildlife Federation at the above address.

News of Bird Clubs

The Annual Meeting of the BROOKLINE BIRD CLUB will be held Friday evening, January 18, at the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Boston, 8:00 P. M.

The regular monthly meeting and Christmas party of the FORBUSH BIRD CLUB, of Worcester, will be held Thursday, December 13, at the home of Mrs. George H. Longstreet. The period from December 21 to January 2 is set aside by the Club for Christmas Bird Censuses. On Thursday, January 17, the regular monthly meeting of the Club will be held at the Natural History Museum in Worcester, and on this occasion Miss Frances Giliotti, of the Massachusetts Audubon Society teaching staff, will speak on "Audubon Education."

On Saturday, December 8, the SOUTH SHORE BIRD CLUB will conduct a field trip to Manomet and Plymouth, to see alcids and sea ducks. The leader will be Donald West.

The regular monthly meeting of the HOFFMANN BIRD CLUB, of Pittsfield, will be held at 8:00 P. M. on Saturday, December 1, at the Berkshire Museum. The topic for the evening will be "The Evening Grosbeak," with talks by women members.

The schedule of the HARTFORD BIRD STUDY CLUB for the month of December includes field trips to Jordan Lane on the 1st, a week-end trip to Small Point, Maine, 7th to 9th, and the Christmas Bird Count on Saturday, the 29th. On Tuesday evening, December 4, Mr. Lucie Palmer will present the Audubon Screen Tour Lecture "Underwater Kingdom," and on Tuesday, the 18th the Club will hold its annual Christmas Party.

The WATERBURY NATURALIST CLUB announces an illustrated talk, "Climbing the Italian Dolomites," on Tuesday evening, December 4, presented by Lucian Warner. On December 18 a selection of motion pictures on Canada produced and released by the Canadian government will be shown under the title "Our Neighbor to the North." The Club's Saturday outings include one on December 1, for setting up winter bird feeding stations, and the Annual Christmas Bird Census on December 29.

See "Nature's Half Acre"

This excellent film produced by Walt Disney Studios should be available in your community, and you are urged to attend the showing and take the family with you. It is listed as a true life adventure, and members of the Society will be interested to know that the photographers who produced the material for the film include Murl Deusing, Karl H. Maslowski, Arthur A. Allen, and Olin Sewall Pettingill, Jr., all of whom have appeared in our annual Audubon Nature Theater series. This film is a worthy rival of its predecessors "Seal Island" and "Beaver Valley," delving into the teeming life in Nature's Half Acre and covering, not only birds, but the world of insects and other life.

The Audubon Nature Theatre***FOR ADULTS****"BELOW THE BIG BEND"****ALLAN CRUICKSHANK**

Boston: New England Mutual Hall.

Saturday, February 9, 10:30 a.m.

Northampton: Sage Hall, Smith College.

Thursday, February 7, 8:00 p.m.

"JUNGLE LIFE IN BRITISH GUIANA"**DICK BIRD**

Boston: New England Mutual Hall.

Saturday, March 8, 10:30 a.m.

Northampton: Sage Hall, Smith College.

Thursday, March 6, 8:00 p.m.

Tales of the Wildwood****FOR YOUTH****"SYLVAN TRAILS"****HAL HARRISON**

Boston: New England Mutual Hall.

Saturday, February 23, 10:30 p.m.

Northampton: High School Auditorium.

Tuesday, February 19, 7:00 p.m.

"LAND OF RUSHING WATERS"**EDWARD BRIGHAM**

Boston: New England Mutual Hall.

Saturday, March 22, 10:30 a.m.

Northampton: High School Auditorium.

Tuesday, March 25, 7:00 p.m.

*Worcester dates are listed elsewhere in Bulletin.

**Youth lectures are scheduled over the State. Watch for local announcements.

A.O.U. Convention Briefs

A dozen members of the Massachusetts Audubon Society from Massachusetts and many members from other parts of the country attended the Sixty-ninth Stated Meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union held in Montreal from October 9-12, 1951.

At this meeting Ludlow Griscom, of Cambridge, was re-elected second vice-president of the Union, while Dr. Josselyn Van Tyne, of the University of Michigan, and Dr. Alden Miller, of the University of California, were returned as president and first vice-president respectively. Dr. Olin Sewall Pettingill, Jr., of Carleton College, also a member of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, retired after serving five years as secretary, and his place is being taken by Dr. Albert Wolfson, of Northwestern University.

Among papers presented at the meeting was "Hummingbird Flight — Some Speculations," by Dr. Charles H. Blake, Massachusetts Institute of Technology. C. Russell Mason appeared twice on the program, participating in a symposium of "Purposes, Methods, and Results of Bird Sound Recordings," with Dr. Paul P. Kellogg, Laboratory of Ornithology, Cornell University, as chairman, and also to present our Society's film "Audubon's America."

Fifteen Members elected to the Union included Aaron Moore Bagg, hawk flight specialist, of Holyoke; Samuel A. Grimes, of Jacksonville, Florida, well-known to Society members for his generous contributions of outstanding bird photographs; and Karl H. Maslowski, of Cincinnati, Ohio, many times a lecturer in our Annual Lecture Series.

Notes from the Hoffmann Bird Club

On Oct. 21, one of the most brilliantly clear days of the autumn, members of the Hoffmann Bird Club had unusually good luck at Onota and Pontoosuc lakes for a trip at this date. In spite of mild weather 16 species of waterbirds were identified, including 5 Canada Geese, 2 Redheads, 7 Surf Scoters and 6 Ruddy Ducks. On this trip the club had the use of no less than six 20 power telescopes, all but one being brand new Bausch and Lomb's!

Four inches of new snow and a temperature of only 15 degrees did not prevent ten members of the Hoffmann Bird Club from participating in the annual waterfowl census November 4. The water in the lakes was warmer than the air and heat waves made visibility difficult for identification of distant species but approximately 350 waterfowl were counted and 18 species were positively identified, the most notable being a flock of 22 Canvasbacks at Richmond Pond. Pittsfield's pair of Cardinals appeared for the fourth year at the feeder of Mrs. Harold Almstead on Lebanon Avenue on the 3rd but the birds were not around on the 4th.

Brookline Bird Club Trips

Open to Members of the Massachusetts Audubon Society

December 1, all day. Automobile trip to Westport. Miss Caldwell, Natick 1622-J. Afternoon, Belmont Hill. Miss McCarthy, Watertown 4-9261.

December 8, all day. Rockport and Cape Ann. Miss Caldwell, Natick 1622-J. Afternoon, Spy Pond, Arlington. Miss Woodbury, CRystal 9-0010.

December 15, all day. Newburyport and Vicinity. Mr. Lewis, CRystal 9-1355-R. Afternoon, Nahant. Mr. Kelly, LYnn 2-9024.

December 22, afternoon. Leverett Pond to Arnold Arboretum. Mrs. Beattie, ELiot 4-6592.

December 29, all day. Christmas Census. Beverly, Salem, and Marblehead. Mr. Argue, KEnmore 6-3604; Peabody and Danvers, Mrs. Jameson, Beverly 1239-R; Fay Estate, Swampscott, LYnn 2-9024; Saugus and Wakefield, Mr. Lewis, CRystal 9-1355-R. Afternoon, Nahant (part of Census), Mr. Taylor, COpley 7-0067.

January 1, all day, Ipswich and Dunes. Leader, Robert Hogg, CRystal 9-3431-W.

January 5, forenoon. Bedford and Lexington Feeding Stations. Mr. Argue, KEnmore 6-3604.

January 12, all day. Rockport and Cape Ann. Dr. Harris, Winchester 6-3453. Afternoon, Salem. Paul Larcom, Beverly 1854-J.

Coming Events at the Berkshire Museum

Pittsfield, Massachusetts

DECEMBER

December 1 through 31. Exhibition of Religious Art from the Museum's Permanent Collection.

December 12, 6:30 P. M. Annual covered dish supper and movie program presented by The Berkshire Museum Camera Club.

December 14, 10:00 A. M. All Day Christmas Fair and Auction.

December 15, 10:30 A. M. Final Nature Hour Program and Christmas Party.

December 15, 1:20 and 2:30 P. M. Movie, "Pinocchio."

December 27, 8:00 P. M. Berkshire Museum Amateur Movie Club meeting.

December 29. Annual Audubon Christmas Census presented by Hoffmann Bird Club.

Random Notes from the Field

BY DOROTHY E. SNYDER

JANUARY 30, 1949: A phone call Saturday evening from Vincent Hayden, of Danvers, was the cause of our rising early this wintry morning, and by 8:00 A. M. Kay and I were parked on Plum Island. We were joined by the Haydens, who had seen an Ivory Gull there the previous afternoon — the third occurrence of the species in Massachusetts since the incursion of 1940. In a temperature of 10 degrees and a sharp wind we walked south on a beach bare of any bird until we came to the snowdrift where the Ivory Gull had been seen sitting on Saturday. It had probed with its bill there, leaving holes about half an inch in diameter in the snow, in a series of rows. Even at close range the party had not been able to determine whether the bird was eating the snow or probing for food.

A jeep appeared with Vermont birders who had been camping on Plum Island — hardy souls. They had been told by the Warden of this rare gull and had patrolled the beach since sunup with no result. Four of us then drove down the marsh side of the island to the southern tip; an adventurous trip only possible at this time of year with four-wheel drive. Two Rough-legged Hawks and three Marsh Harriers were mousing over the marshes, but the Snowy and Short-eared Owls seen earlier could not be found.

Kay and I got out, crossed to the beach about a mile and a half from the parking lot and walked north, it being now near high tide, while the men left their jeep in the lot and came south. Soon a small white gull appeared between us; an immature Ivory in the flesh! Since it was being driven toward us, flying a short way and then walking on the beach and feeding as it went, we sat quietly on a low dune and soon had the bird not more than twenty-five feet away. It seemed more handsome than the pure white adult of January, 1946; the black spots on tail and primaries gave a striking effect. Black of eye, its bill was dull lead gray, with a horn-colored tip. The legs were not black, as often described, and as in the Kittiwake Gull, but dull dark gray. The sides of the head, from just above the eye to behind it, and including part of the auricular on the left side and nearly all of the right one, were colored a light grayish olive, nearest the tone known as "citrine drab." Most of the abdomen was this general color, and that part was undoubtedly oiled.

The Ivory Gull minced along, with short dovelike steps, feeding at the high tide line for some five minutes, and then it took off. Flying low and at the water's edge, its progress appeared to us wavering and weak, very different from the strong, purposeful flight of a near-by Iceland Gull. It disappeared from sight behind the curve of the shore line near the "Sugarloaf" Dune, and we then followed its progress a half mile north by the very evident size difference in the maze of tracks left on the wet sand. The Herring Gull's large prints, the somewhat smaller marks left by the Iceland Gull, and the much smaller and lighter tracks of the visitor from the far North crossed and intermingled. Those of the Ivory Gull were much less deeply indented, the web pattern never showed, and we wondered whether the bird was in an emaciated condition after its long trip from Arctic waters.

The heavy snowstorm the following day must have seemed a normal

occurrence to this holarctic species; a bird of Arctic ice and snow which seldom wanders to Massachusetts shores.

JULY 8, 1950: Ruby-throated Hummingbirds are common enough, but to find the nest of one and watch it while lying in bed seems a bit unusual! And yet this happened today, when a guest sleeping on the porch of our cottage at Centerville, Cape Cod, waked me early to say she had seen a Hummer go on a nest just outside the porch screen. And there it was, on a scrawny young pitch pine, not more than a few feet from the house and fifteen feet up. The female was most active in the evening and between five and six o'clock in the morning; the noise of her wings as she zipped around the corner of the porch waked us daily at an early hour. We could hear another sound also; she gave a curious high call on her many trips to feed the single young. In the evening, as we sat on the porch, she seemed to resent our presence and "buzzed" anyone sitting in the corner nearest the nest, flying rapidly back and forth only inches away. While cutting these scallops close to us, she gave a mouselike squeaky *tic-tic* call, sometimes with as many as five syllables. The female hummingbird is perpetual motion at this time of year; the life span of such a bundle of energy must be brief indeed.

JULY 20, 1950: On this second week-end visit the young hummingbird was quiet, we heard no calling for food, nor did we see this well-grown nestling exercise its wings on the edge of the nest — though it did mount the side and squirt me once as I lay in bed below! A male has been here once, briefly visiting the petunias on the porch boxes.

On my next visit, in August, the nest was empty, and we took it for the Peabody Collection. The rough bark of a pitch pine makes a good surface on which to saddle a nest, and this one was on a twig only three eighths of an inch in diameter, with a smaller side-fork for further support. The edge may have been somewhat broken by the young bird before it left the nest, but the greatest depth was not more than five sixteenths of an inch, and could not give much support to the bird within when high winds tossed the branch about. The lining was the usual plant down, most softly felted, the outside decoratively covered with gray-green lichen; a shield lichen known as linden lichen, *Parmelia tiliacea*, which forms rosettes on the bark of so many trees here.

JANUARY 20, 1950: The weather forecast was "clear, cold, and dry for the week end" as we started for the Berkshires. In Williamsburg that night it snowed briskly, nor did it stop for more than a few minutes until after we reached home on the third day. So much for weather forecasts! But perhaps the storm brought us luck with winter finches, for on Route 9 in Windsor a flock of ten White-winged Crossbills swirled in from the North. Circling and side-slipping down around us, they dropped to the road momentarily, calling continuously, before they disappeared into the snow-covered spruce forest.

Since the snow promised to be heavy, we went directly to the Washington Mountain road in Dalton; this is not always sanded, and the steep grade is difficult to negotiate in slippery weather. Playing the side, with the untracked snow, we got up a mile before losing traction, to back down the winding mountainside — not for the first time. The second try, in the middle of the road, was successful, and for two delightful hours we wandered through a deserted white country; deserted by birds as well as men, for we found no feather stirring except for one large dark bird I saw dive into a thicket. We speculated upon the provoking possibility of a Canada Jay!

Driving across the mountain to Lee and then to West Becket, we came upon Mrs. D. sweeping her driveway free of the fast-gathering snow. She kindly took us on a tour of her woodland, where a Ruffed Grouse was *drumming* in a January snowstorm, and a Pine Grosbeak which had taken refuge in the swamp flushed and flew over us "tee-tee-tewing."

Otherwise winter in the Berkshires seemed its somewhat birdless self, so at four o'clock we stopped for the day and sat in the pleasantly warm and picturesque winter living room at the farm. Bags of nuts, onions, sunflower heads, and ears of corn hanging from the ceiling, with snowshoes and Indian relics on the walls, gave us a feeling of pioneering, and the noble dinner of steak and warm apple pie was but a prelude to the last event of the day. That was our first experience with a feather bed; the most toasty warm bed for a cold winter night possible to conceive; its goose-feather puff far better than a modern electric blanket. We slept only too soundly, missing the calls of a Great Horned Owl which our hostess heard in the dead o' night.

Early morning found us touring the same woodland again, without much result except for a squeak attributed to a mouse, until we saw a Red-breasted Nuthatch drop onto a tree within arm's length and squeak again — whereby I disgustedly remembered having heard this same note many times at Andrews Point, clear across the State. As we sat in the car later, getting organized for departure from the farmhouse, a flock of birds dropped onto a near-by tree. Then for a quarter of an hour we had the pleasure of watching a dozen Pine Grosbeaks, five of them brilliantly pink males, feeding on the berries of the guelder-rose (*Viburnum opulus*).

A visit to a Pittsfield road in the late morning brought another pleasing sight; the pair of Cardinals which had been in the neighborhood for three winters dropped in for their noon feeding. The red of the male and the lovelier soft brown and orange-red of the female — my first of that sex in Massachusetts — with the Evening Grosbeaks, Tree Sparrows, White-breasted Nuthatches, and Hairy and Downy Woodpeckers made a crazy quilt of color on the feeder and neighboring apple trees.

The snow was turning slushy and falling heavily by then, but we had planned to explore the south side of Lake Onota and drove there, chancing bad roads for the return home. The walk along the lakeside showed so many fresh workings of the Pileated Woodpeckers, which have lived there ever since I have known Pittsfield, that I kept my eyes steadily upward on the hillside above and was rewarded by one of them flying silently across an opening with powerful sweeps of his great woodpecker wings. At the old estate near the end of the lake there is much evergreen planting, and a search there was profitable; soon we were studying the calls and actions of four White-winged Crossbills and a dozen Pine Grosbeaks, the male of the Crossbill noticeably more brilliant in coloring. The Great Horned Owl which nests there did not show himself, but the walk back beside the snow-covered lake dotted with scores of ice fishermen was pleasant enough in itself. Of the slow and slippery drive back across the State, let us say nothing. Our Berkshire interlude was well worth it.

AUGUST 12, 1950: The most thrilling night-birding of my life! After much hesitation on the Cap'n's part and many warnings about the danger of being marooned there for days in case of fog or storm, Kay and I were finally landed on Little Duck Island to spend the night with Leach's Petrels. Perfect weather, a calm sea, and no hint of fog made it a simple matter to land from

the skiff in a rocky cleft, even loaded as we were with tent, sleeping bags, cooking equipment, food enough for several days, and a gallon jug of water. Kay collected dead spruce boughs for firewood while I put up the tent on the thick chickweed turf of an open promontory. And picturesque the small green mountaineer tent looked against the background of sparkling sea, with the purple-blue Mount Desert hills in the distance. The fish chowder we had for supper was mighty good and appropriate fare in this setting of brown and weathered granite rocks, with gulls screaming everywhere and Black Guillemots floating or diving for rock eels below. Kay found several petrel burrows under the rocks, by nose, as it were. To my annoyance, I can never detect the distinctive petrel odor well enough to be sure of it.

We walked to the eastern end of the island, attended by the clamor of thousands of gulls, and on the way back, after admiring the contours of Mt. Desert outlined by the rosy-red setting sun, at dusk we heard the first petrel songs. The jolly warble, unlike that of any other sea bird I know, delighted us, and was infectiously merry, so that we chuckled in reply after each song. Stumbling back to the west end of the island in the dark, over rough turf and rocks, we found that the best "singing" was coming from burrows under the spruces, near our tent. Here, as we stood quietly, these fork-tailed petrels circled over us, near enough to be dimly seen in the starlit night. They appeared curious about human beings on an uninhabited island, and one after another circled low over us like large bats. To add to the fascination of the birds and their songs, this was the night of the great Perseid shower, and a rarely clear one. About eleven o'clock or later we lay in our bags, Kay in the tent and I outside on the soft turf, to watch one falling star after another, and at the same time we listened to the pleasant chuckles of the petrels. At midnight I fell asleep, but in a wakeful moment at four o'clock I heard them still calling.

AUGUST 13: One of the finest mornings this earth has known greeted us, and as I cooked breakfast, watching a Raven which visited the island briefly or the scores of Black Guillemots sitting peacefully on rocks below, it seemed a shame to leave such a spot. Kay and I were enjoying bacon and eggs, toast and coffee, when a sparrow popped into view on the rocks, and I casually picked up my binocular to see whether it was a Song or a Savannah. Then, "Drop your plate, Kay, and look; that's a Lark Sparrow." The eighth record for the species in Maine?

Soon the *Thialfi*, a 38-foot ketch, approached, and Mrs. Tousey came nimbly ashore to share the delights of the island with us. So motionless was the sea that the skiff could be left floating by the rocks, anchored by an oar jammed into a crack. We showed our visitor the nearest petrel burrow, its worn path disappearing in darkest shadow under spruce roots, and took kodachromes fast and furiously. Then we left, to cruise for two more days "down East" past Schoodic.

JULY 24, 1951: Do Herring Gulls go blueberrying? On a trip to Rockland, Maine, to inspect a collection of mounted birds at the Farnsworth Museum, I stayed at a delightful home overlooking Lake Chickawaukie. Surrounded by hills and only three miles from the ocean, it is the gathering place for a number of Herring Gulls at certain times or tides. Today my attention was called to a flock of twenty or more of them dotting the hill across the pond and looking like giant white flowers. My host assured me that they were feeding on the blueberry bushes, which were notably fine in that spot. I was so pleased with the idea of these gulls teetering on bushes and gobbling down

big fat blueberries that I didn't suggest that they might have been feeding on insects. It probably *was* blueberries.

Society Receives Legacies and Gifts

During the fiscal year ending October 31, 1951, the Society was able to add to its funds through several bequests received from members. These were by the wills of the following persons:

| | |
|--------------------|----------|
| Elizabeth H. Barr | \$10,000 |
| Hattie M. Jacobs | 3,525 |
| Forrest M. Jenkins | 2,200* |
| Bertha R. Lewis | 500 |
| H. Monmouth Smith | 2,000 |

For special projects at Cook's Canyon Wildlife Sanctuary, \$2,000 was received for the completion of the Workshop building, \$700 for a new entrance to the property, and \$675 toward the erection of a dining hall.

For the purchase of a Gravelly tractor for Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary \$250 was contributed, and an additional hundred dollars was received to pay for extra labor required on the Sanctuary grounds.

For the maintenance of Proctor Wildlife Sanctuary more than \$6,000 was contributed during the year, a forerunner of greater gifts to follow which are needed to place this sanctuary on a self-sustaining basis.

Over \$500 in cash and some valuable equipment was contributed for use at Pleasant Valley Sanctuary in the Berkshires.

The National Wildlife Federation made a grant-in-aid amounting to \$900, through the Massachusetts Conservation Council, for the Natural Science Workshop, and the New England Society for the Preservation of Wild Flowers contributed \$400 for the Audubon conservation courses in Massachusetts schools. Again the Lowell Humane Society sponsored the Audubon courses in the Lowell public schools, contributing for the purpose \$2,500.

Gifts were also received from many other organizations and individuals to help support our educational work in the schools, for scholarships to be awarded at the Natural Science Workshop or at Wildwood Camp, and for sanctuary activities.

Among our more recent acquisitions is a large file of *The Auk*, the official magazine of the American Ornithologists' Union, from the collection of Francis E. Smith, Jr. These magazines have been added to the library at the Proctor Wildlife Sanctuary in Topsfield. Mr. Smith, it will be recalled, was a very active bird-watcher in the North Shore region of Massachusetts, often visiting the old Plum Island Sanctuary. At his death a memorial room was set aside in Audubon House to be known as the Smith Clubroom. It seems appropriate that this contribution from his library should be housed in the area which he enjoyed so much.

Our gratitude to all who have contributed to a successful Audubon program.

Remember that gifts to the Society are deductible on Federal income tax returns, and bequests are exempt from Federal and State taxes. Gifts contributed for any phase of our work should be made to the Massachusetts Audubon Society, Inc., but the donor may designate the purpose for which he intends the gift to be used.

*This legacy was designated for Moose Hill Sanctuary and was used in 1951 for needed repairs to the dwelling house and museum at the Sanctuary.

REMEMBER! The Audubon Nature Theatre REMEMBER!

IN HORTICULTURAL HALL, WORCESTER,

Is Sponsored By

The Forbush Bird Club and the Massachusetts Audubon Society.

TRAILS FOR THE MILLIONS, by ALLAN CRUICKSHANK,

Friday, February 8, 8:00 P.M.

MICHIGAN NATURALIST'S ODYSSEY, by EDWARD BRIGHAM,

Friday, March 28, 8:00 P.M.

Whose Nest Is That?

BY RICHARD HEADSTROM

Part II

II. NESTS ABOVE THE GROUND

A. In Fields, Pastures, and Hillsides

a (1) In a clump of weeds

1. Globular; well-constructed; of grass and leaves; about 4 inches in diameter; small entrance at side.

In a clump of weeds a few inches above the ground.
Dry fields.

HUDSON BAY (OR MEADOW) JUMPING MOUSE (*Zapus hudsonicus hudsonicus*)

See also I A a(2) 2; I B b(2) 7; I C c(3) 2.

B. In Woods, Thickets, and Woodland Groves

b (1) In a deserted woodpecker hole or natural cavity in a tree

1. An accumulation of leaves to serve as a bedding.
OPOSSUM (*Didelphis virginiana virginiana*)

See also I B b(1) 1; I C c(1) 1; I D d (1) 1.

2. Of soft grass.

SOUTHERN RED SQUIRREL (*Tamiasciurus hudsonicus loquax*)

See also I B b(1) 7; I B b(3) 2.

3. Of dead leaves; usually in a maple, oak, birch, or beech; entrance 40-60 feet from the ground.

NORTHERN GRAY SQUIRREL (*Sciurus carolinensis leucotis*)

4. Of leaves.

Deciduous woods.

SMALL EASTERN FLYING SQUIRREL (*Glaucomys volans volans*)

5. Of shredded bark and leaves.

Coniferous woods, stands of yellow birch and hemlock, less often in woods of maple and beech.

MEARN'S (OR NORTHERN) FLYING SQUIRREL (*Glaucomys sabrinus macrotis*)

6. Of grass and bark.

NORTHERN WHITE-FOOTED MOUSE (*Peromyscus leucopus noveboracensis*)

See also I B b(1) 8; I B b(6) 1.

b (2) In a hollow stump or stub

1. Dainty, small ball of leaves and grass or other soft vegetable material.

CINEREOUS SHREW (*Sorex cinereus cinereus*)

See also I B b(1) 2; I C c(1) 2; I C c(2) 1.

2. Of shredded leaves of grass; in the honeycombed recess of a moss-covered stump.

Maple, birch, and hemlock woods.

SMOKY SHREW (*Sorex fumeus fumeus*)

See also I B b(1) 3.

3. Of grass and leaves; lined with feathers, hair, and other soft material.

COMMON MINK (*Mustela vison mink*)

See also I B b(1) 5.

4. A warm nest of grass and bark.

Occurs only in the Berkshires. Deciduous woods.

CANADIAN DEER MOUSE (*Peromyscus maniculatus gracilis*)

See also I B b(2) 4.

5. Of grass and bark.

NORTHERN WHITE-FOOTED MOUSE (*Peromyscus leucopus noveboracensis*)

See also I B b(1) 8; I B b(6) 1; II B b(1) 6.

6. Bulky for a mouse; of a mass of fine dry grass, moss, and other soft material.

Cool, shaded woods and moss-covered boulders of the Berkshires.

WHITE MOUNTAIN RED-BACKED MOUSE (*Clethrionomys gapperi ochraceous*)

See also I B b(2) 5.

b (3) In a crotch or branch of a tree

1. Of grass and bark; sometimes quite bulky; entirely of shredded grape or cedar bark if available; lined with fibrous bark and other soft material.

SOUTHERN RED SQUIRREL (*Tamiasciurus hudsonicus loquax*)

See also I B b(1) 7; I B b(3) 2; II B b(1) 2.

2. Bulky, with entrance on side; of leaves, bark, and twigs; rounded top of leaves; firmly woven together to make it waterproof; lined with shreds of bark, moss, and similar soft material; high up in a tree, often conspicuous and in frequented places, might be mistaken for a crow's nest except that it shows more dead leaves; built on a foundation of small sticks.

NORTHERN GRAY SQUIRREL (*Sciurus carolinensis leucotis*)

See also II B b(1) 3.

3. Spherical; small, of leaves; lined with fine fibrous bark, grass, moss, fur, or other soft material.

SMALL EASTERN FLYING SQUIRREL (*Glaucomys volans volans*)

See also II B b(1) 4.

4. Of shredded bark and leaves; well removed from the ground in a crotch of a conifer.

Coniferous woods, stands of yellow birch and hemlock, less often, in open woods of maple and beech.

MEARN'S (OR NORTHERN) FLYING SQUIRREL (*Glaucomys sabrinus macrotis*)

See also II B b(1) 5.

b (4) In tangled herbage

1. Slightly globular; of dried leaves, grasses, moss, and fibrous barks of various kinds; closely compacted; entrance usually on lower side; from 4-10 feet above the ground.

NORTHERN WHITE-FOOTED MOUSE (*Peromyscus leucopus noveboracensis*)

See also I B b(1) 8; I B b(6) 1; II B b(1) 6; II B b(2) 5.

b (5) In a clump of bushes

1. Globular; well-constructed; of grass and leaves; about 4 inches in diameter; small entrance at side. In a clump of bushes a few inches above the ground.

Grass and brier-grown slashes.

HUDSON BAY (OR MEADOW) JUMPING MOUSE (*Zapus hudsonicus hudsonicus*)

See also I A a(2) 2; I B b(2) 7; I C c(3) 2; II A a(1) 1.

b (6) In a low bush or tree

1. A deserted bird's nest capped over with leaves and thistle-down.

NORTHERN WHITE-FOOTED MOUSE (*Peromyscus leucopus noveboracensis*)

See also I B b(1) 8; I B b(6) 1; II B b(1) 6; II B b(2) 5; II B b(4) 1.

C. In Swamps, Marshes, Meadows, and Wet Lowlands

c (1) In a hollow tree

1. An accumulation of leaves to serve as a bedding.

OPOSSUM (*Didelphis virginiana virginiana*)

See also I B b(1) 1; I C c(1) 1; I D d(1) 1; II B b(1) 1.

c (2) In a hollow stump

1. Dainty, small ball of leaves and grass or other soft material.

CINEREOUS SHREW (*Sorex cinereus cinereus*)

See also I B b(1) 2; I C c(1) 2; I C c(2) 1; II B b(2) 1.

D. In Waste Land

d (1) In a hollow tree

1. An accumulation of leaves to serve as a bedding.

OPOSSUM (*Didelphis virginiana virginiana*)

See also I B b(1) 1; I C c(1) 1; I D d(1) 1; II B b(1) 1; II C c(1) 1.

E. In a Cleft of a Cliff

1. An accumulation of leaves to serve as a bedding.

OPOSSUM (*Didelphis virginiana virginiana*)

See also I B b(1) 1; I C c(1) 1; I D d(1) 1; II B b(1) 1; II C c(1) 1; II D d(1) 1.

III. NESTS IN BUILDINGS

1. Large bed of grass and leaves.
EASTERN SKUNK (*Mephitis mephitis nigra*)
See also I B b(1) 6; I B b(4) 1.
2. Of wool, cotton, or other soft materials, often cut from fabrics; in obscure nooks and crannies; similar to nest of Norway Rat but smaller.
HOUSE MOUSE (*Mus musculus musculus*)
3. A soft, warm mass of fibrous materials, such as cotton, wool, or other fabric; similar to nest of House Mouse but larger.
NORWAY RAT (*Rattus norvegicus*)

Reviews of Recent Acquisitions

JOHN BURROUGHS' AMERICA: Selections from the Writings of the Hudson River Naturalist. Edited with an Introduction by Farida A. Wiley. Foreword by Julian Burroughs. Illustrated by Francis Lee Jaques. The Devin-Adair Company, New York. 1951. xvi, 304 pages. \$4.00.

The publisher of this book was misinformed when he stated on the jacket that Burroughs's books were now out of print and hard to find. As a matter of fact, Houghton Mifflin Company's current catalogue lists six volumes of the regular set as still in print, and I am informed as I write that the catalogue is correct in this particular. Nevertheless, so much of his writing is actually now out of print, that the importance of saving a decent amount of it for present-day readers became evident, and Miss Wiley, longtime secretary of the John Burroughs Association with headquarters in the American Museum of Natural History in New York, conceived the happy idea of making this book of selections for the benefit of readers who would otherwise have missed acquaintance with the writer who more than any other was, I think it is safe to say, responsible for creating a popular interest in American nature.

It was a happy idea, and Miss Wiley has carried it out well in the main. No two admirers of Burroughs's work, however, would have made the same selections, and many readers will regret that the editor has omitted most of the more serious writing of the author's later years. In those later years Burroughs really wrote better than he did in his earlier books. But let us admit that what is most worth preserving of Burroughs is what he wrote about the nature he knew as a farm-boy and vineyardist in the Catskills and on the Hudson, and in Washington when the Capital city was hardly more than a coun-

try town. So we must accept these selections as those of a judicious admirer, and if they are not always just what we ourselves would have made, who can say that we could have done better? At any rate, Miss Wiley has made the book — a book that needed making.

One thing the reader must bear in mind is the fact that the arrangement is by general subject rather than chronological, so that one cannot note the growth of Burroughs's ideas as he grew older. Thus in the first chapter, entitled "The Philosophy of John Burroughs," we have selections from *Winter Sunshine* (1875), *Locusts and Wild Honey* (1879) *Riverby* (1894), *Ways of Nature* (1905), and *Leaf and Tendril* (1908); and really the sage's philosophy is given incomplete showing, since most of his mature philosophy appears in such books as *The Light of Day* (1900), *Time and Change* (1912), *The Summit of the Years* (1913), *The Breath of Life* (1915), and *Accepting the Universe* (1920), none of which books is represented in this volume. Then, too, the second chapter contains essays ranging from the immature "Birch Browsings" in *Wake-Robin* (1866) — occupying sixteen pages that might better have been given to some of Burroughs's more characteristic writing — to "The Pleasures of a Naturalist" in *Under the Maples* (1921).

Well, as I have said, no two editors would make the same selections. I myself am writing from a personal experience of reading John Burroughs from the eighties of the last century till his death and after. I began reading him as a boy, and after joining the staff of his publishers I had the privilege of editing his collected works, the publication of which began in 1895, and continuing my connection with their publication even after his biographer, Dr. Clara Barrus, became his very useful assistant in 1901. Thus I have a very

Reviews of Recent Acquisitions (Continued)

special interest in the fortunes of his books. Strangely, yet not so strangely, since my work was anonymous, no living person except myself knows now of my connection with them. I have never met Julian Burroughs and I have never visited Riverby or Slabside or Woodchuck Lodge. I saw Burroughs only on his infrequent visits to Boston, but I have letters from him dating from 1895 to 1913.

I hope I am not overstepping the bounds of modesty in taking this occasion, by courtesy of the editor of the *Bulletin*, to record my association with Burroughs's books. The work I did on them was a source of great satisfaction to me at the time, and I am now glad to reiterate what I said at the beginning of this review — that I am sure that he more than any other writer was responsible for creating a popular interest in American nature. It is well, too, to remind the reader that he was always scrupulous to adhere to the truth as he saw it.

Besides the general criticisms I have made there are certain specific slips of one kind and another that I feel must be noted here. I have sent Miss Wiley word of these and am assured that later impressions of the book will correct at least some of them. I noted these only as any careful reader might catch them, provided that he had a previous knowledge of John Burroughs's writings. I made no search for errors, and it is possible that I may have missed a few. The first that struck my eye was the footnote on page 6 identifying John Treadwell Nichols as a certain "learned man" cited by Burroughs. Since Mr. Nichols was but three years old in 1886, the year when *Signs and Seasons* was printed, the probability that he was the man referred to seems remote. To continue my little list: It is unfortunate that Miss Wiley did not use on page 24 the footnote that Burroughs added in the 1895 edition of his works stating that Bicknell's Thrush had turned out to be the southern race of the Gray-cheeked Thrush and is found on the higher mountains of New York and New England. On page 55 the occurrence of the word "lion" twice is to be explained by the fact that earlier in the original essay Burroughs has said that in Greek mythology Beauty is represented as riding upon the back of a lion. On page 61 we note an omission that leads us to wonder why anything should be said about the ear being charmed. The omission is a couplet from Emerson reading, "The heifer that lows in the upland farm, Far heard, lows not thine ear to charm." On page 131 we have another

quotation from Emerson's poems but without quotation-marks and leaving the reader without any indication that Burroughs himself was not the author. Again, on page 150, in the middle of the page, we read, "My second new acquaintance the same season was the showy lady's-slipper." The context, without any indication of an omission, would lead the reader to infer that the first "new acquaintance" was the arethusa, whereas it was really the climbing fumitory as related in *Riverby*. The verse on page 154, which is not accredited to any of Burroughs's books, is from his slim volume of poems entitled *Bird and Bough*, published in 1906. (In the fourth line "petals" should shed its apostrophe.) On page 221 we have another quotation from *Bird and Bough* without indication of its origin. In this case there are two errors: "cords" should read "chords," and the original has "fragrant morning shade" instead of "fragrant shade." On page 228 the reference note 8 belongs to the end of line 6, and a new superior, 9, should be added at the end of the page. Then on page 296, at the bottom, there should be a new line reading, "9. April . . . Birds and Poets." The list of sources on pages 295-297 needs a few more corrections. These are, for Chapter 2, "A Bed of Boughs . . . Locusts and Wild Honey" (not "Wake-Robin"); for Chapter 11, No. 2 should read, "Notes by the Way . . . Pepacton"; for Chapter 14, "Woodpeckers" should read "Birds'-Nests."

I have always been an admirer of Lee Jaques's work, both in color and in line, and I get a great deal of satisfaction from the seventeen full-page and eleven smaller drawings that he has made for this Burroughs book. His composition is always good and he is almost always accurate. I am sorry to see a few marks of haste in some of these drawings, such as the occasional omission of black where it clearly is demanded. These omissions speak for themselves, but I don't understand the double tracks as of a hopping bird that he has his Bob-whites leaving in the snow on page 127. Here really the Ruffed Grouse, Burroughs's "partridge," was called for, but the quail that Jaques has given us are so charming that we could easily excuse the substitution and even what look like impossible tracks. The frontispiece is from an interesting anonymous photograph of Burroughs as an old man.

I hope the patient reader will understand why I make these detailed criticisms of a really good book. If this book is to stand as all the present-day reader can expect

Reviews of Recent Acquisitions (Continued)

from so important a writer as John Burroughs, he should be assured that he is getting genuine Burroughs in every particular even if it cannot be the complete Burroughs. So I hope it will be possible for Miss Wiley to make her book more nearly perfect in future impressions, and also for owners of the first edition to correct their copies accordingly. And it must not be forgotten that I have said nothing that cannot be verified. One doesn't need an acquaintance of sixty or seventy years with the author's books to verify it all — though, of course, that helps.

FRANCIS H. ALLEN

AUDUBON'S ANIMALS: THE QUADRUPEDS OF NORTH AMERICA. Compiled and Edited by Alice Ford. 184 illustrations, 16 in color. The Studio Publications Inc., with Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. 1951. 222 pages. \$12.50.

This finely printed volume should be a welcome addition to the library of every nature student. It makes available for all the mammal portraits which John James Audubon and his son John Woodhouse Audubon prepared and first published just over a century ago.

Mammals have never held the popular interest as have birds, largely perhaps because of the secretive and nocturnal habits of many of them. Between 1842, when the first plates were issued, and 1860, there were several editions of Audubon and Bachman's work, but they were not too successful financially, and they have never been reprinted in their entirety until this present work. The sixteen color plates in this volume are excellent, as are the full-page black and white reproductions. Because of the prohibitive expense of printing all the one hundred and fifty originals on separate pages, some of the less important mammals are rather small in the present volume, but otherwise I have only praise for the illustrations. Four pictures of bats omitted from the original work are published here for the first time. Audubon's earliest known mammal drawing, made in France in 1806, is also illustrated, and several originals now in the collections of the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

Audubon's great work on birds is known to everyone, but that mammals were only second in his interests is less generally appreciated. Miss Ford has done an excellent job in preparing her brief biographical matter from this angle, from his boyhood days in France and his early manhood at Mill Grove to his last great expedi-

tion up the Missouri River in 1843. The story of the Missouri trip is given in considerable detail, as it was planned primarily in connection with the proposed work on the mammals, while all Audubon's earlier excursions had been for bird study first and foremost.

Brief extracts are given from the letterpress accompanying the plates of the mammals, written by Audubon and Bachman. My only criticisms of the present book are that these extracts are all too short, and, second, that only the present-day accepted names are used with the illustrations. Many of the names Audubon used in his diaries and later publications were incorrect according to later research; for example, he refers to Townsend's Hare repeatedly, but in the present volume the illustration is given as "White-tailed Jack 'Rabbit,' Prairie Hare, *Lepus townsendii*." I believe it would have added to the interest of the book to have included both Audubon's nomenclature and that of the present. The same criticism applied to the Macmillan issue of Audubon's *Birds* which William Vogt edited some years ago.

JOHN B. MAY

THE BAY. By Gilbert C. Klingel. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. 1951. 278 pages. \$4.00.

Transforming the commonplace into the incredible can at times be accomplished by the poet and scientist alike. Enriching his work through the scope of both of these standpoints, Gilbert Klingel has achieved in *The Bay* one of those delightful reading experiences so sought for by lovers of our "natural universe."

In the depths of the Chesapeake Bay the author discovers the compelling quality of mystery and awe which every naturalist finds in the part of the world which he seeks to know and understand. His communication of that fascination and knowledge is done simply and artistically. Everyone who loves the sea and wonders at its myriad forms will enjoy Mr. Klingel's book.

With the insight of one who observes the world and interprets upon that experience, he writes of the mystery of birth and death as he sees it in the bay. While every beach may be a catalogue of organic failure, every cup of water may show startling evidence of biological success. The bay becomes Mr. Klingel's immediate objective through which he comments upon and interprets those universal aspects of life that escape the limits of mere geographic boundaries.

Reviews of Recent Acquisitions (Continued)

In one hundred and eighty miles of water called the Chesapeake, the author has created an exciting world. Accurate and interesting description lends enticing portraits to even the lowliest of sea squirts. His "World of Worms" is a fascinating chapter on a much-ignored stratum of ocean society. From a deep-sea device of his own invention, known as the bentharium, the author studied and described colorful pageants of fishes, scintillating jellies, crabs, and prawns.

It should delight those of us with an ecological approach that Mr. Klingel not only ventures beneath the surface of the Chesapeake, but he spends equally as much time writing about the marshes, birds, and surrounding regions of the bay. His night on a Point of the Potomac creates feelings of nostalgia in those who know the thrills of awaking to the unmistakable clamor of marsh voices.

Scientific observation recorded with a poetic sensitivity marks Mr. Klingel's book as a real contribution to nature writing.

MARY L. GRIMES

WILDLIFE IN COLOR. By Roger Tory Peterson. Sponsored by the National Wildlife Federation. With 450 full color illustrations, and line decorations. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1951. 192 pages. \$3.00.

Here is a book to which the reviewer has looked forward eagerly ever since he learned more than a year ago that it was in preparation, and a reading of the book and examination of the pictures warrants our wholehearted enthusiasm for this fine production.

Roger Peterson has done a remarkable job in sorting out the many full-color illustrations by eighteen of America's leading wildlife artists which were used for the series of poster stamps issued between 1939 and 1951 by the National Wildlife Federation, Washington, D. C. His selections from this fine collection of material, including birds, trees, mammals, flowers, fishes, and insects, have been arranged to represent distinct wildlife communities, with consideration given to environment rather than to family relationships, so that, as we go through the book we find the various forms of life that might be observed in such localities as about towns and farms, woodlands, sea and shore, swamps, marshes, grass country, and desert, from the arctic to the tropics and from ocean to ocean. There is also an account of extinct forms, those in danger of extirpation, and species introduced to North America from other lands.

The color plates are well reproduced, and this feature alone makes the book of much greater value than the price asked.

Wildlife in Color, in spite of its 450 color illustrations, is not merely a picture book. The introductory material to the various chapters, which have attractive line decorations by the author, gives a great deal of timely information on conservation of natural resources and the ecological relationships existing between all forms of wildlife and man. The text throughout the book is written in Roger Peterson's usual pleasing style and contains much of value to students and teachers as he discusses the habits of this animal or the characteristics of that plant. Finally, scattered through the book is much of the fine philosophy of outdoor life which one gathers in every contact with this author, whether in conversation with him or through his writings.

It will be a great surprise if *Wildlife in Color* fails to become a best seller. Certainly every library, private or public, should have a copy, and it will bring untold pleasure and satisfaction to any lover of the out-of-doors.

C. RUSSELL MASON

BIRDS OF NEWFOUNDLAND. By Harold S. Peters and Thomas D. Burleigh. Illustrations by Roger Tory Peterson. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1951. 431 pages. \$6.00.

This volume is the first complete and authoritative work on the birds of this northeastern region and has long been needed to fill a niche in our reference works on ornithology. It consists in the main of detailed accounts of the 227 species and subspecies of birds which have been recorded from Newfoundland. Only brief descriptions of the birds are given, but field marks are also noted, as well as voice, nest and eggs, range, and the status of the bird in that country. Some account of the habits of each species is also given. Dependence for identification is upon the thirty-two color plates and the black and white drawings which have been supplied by Roger Tory Peterson, which appear to the reviewer to be some of Peterson's best work.

For the users of this book in New England, we could wish that the subspecies might have been so described as to differentiate them from others of the species found in the East. However, it must be remembered that this book was written under the sponsorship of the Newfoundland government for use in Newfoundland, especially as a reference work for the

Reviews of Recent Acquisitions (Continued)

schools of that country, and therefore no attempt was made to meet the needs of other regions. However, the senior author has promised us some supplementary material for the *Bulletin*, so that those who purchase this book — and we anticipate a considerable demand for it amongst our members — will understand why certain races such as Newfoundland Veery, Newfoundland Ovenbird, and Newfoundland Small-billed Water-Thrush are distinct from the forms which we have as resident breeding birds in New England.

The early part of this volume, like others of similar character, gives credit for ornithological work carried on by others in Newfoundland, also something of the development of plumage and the activities of birds, aids to identification, geographical distribution, bird-banding, and measures which have been taken in that part of the world for conservation and protection of bird life, including some comments on methods of attracting birds.

The color plates are well distributed through the book, which is beautifully got up and will make a desirable addition to any library. The fact that the original production of the book was at the expense of the Newfoundland government accounts for the low price of six dollars. There is only a limited edition of *Birds of Newfoundland* published for readers in this country, and we feel confident that this will soon be exhausted.

C. RUSSELL MASON

N. B. One could almost suspect that some practical joker had played a prank on our talented artist, who, like Audubon and other distinguished predecessors, is not above making a mistake, for you will find his Three-toed Woodpecker portrayed with an extra hind toe! As a friend remarked to him, "Roger, if you were going to make a slip on bird anatomy, why didn't you give five toes to some bird with a name like the Wood Thrush rather than add a toe to a bird which is plainly designated as *three-toed*?"

OUTDOOR ADVENTURES. By Hal H. Harrison. With photographs by the Author. The Vanguard Press. New York. 1951. 128 pages. \$2.75.

The subtitle which the author has given this book, "A Rediscovery of the Wonders of the Out-of-Doors," is an excellent one. The reviewer has never seen a book which he thought of greater interest for children or more likely to stimulate them to adventure in the world of nature. Spring, summer, autumn, winter, Billy and Jane, the author's children, enjoy the advancing seasons and discover the great fun that lies

hidden in lawn and field and woodland in their own neighborhood as well as by sea and shore far from home. Each adventure is illustrated with fine photographs, and always picture and text include the children in some absorbing activity.

Here is a book which parents should read as well, as it may guide them in encouraging their children to seek the enrichment of life made possible through outdoor living.

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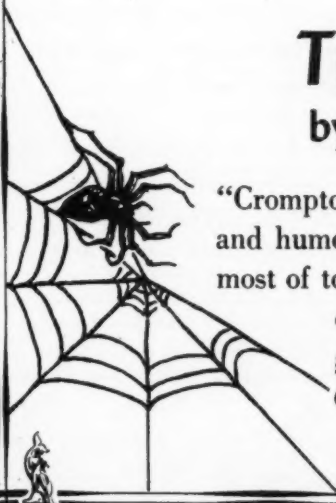
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From Our Correspondence

The Deer's in the Corn.

"Yesterday morning, September 25, we looked out of our bedroom window in Petersham to see a doe White-tailed Deer and her two fawns come out into the clover field beyond the garden. She came out just like a Mule Deer with her flag erect. Very soon the two fawns followed in the same fashion, ears twitching and listening. It was six fifteen and no breakfast, so they had it, as Lewis said, 'in the dining car at the rear.' She gave each of them a gentle kick out of the way and began to eat the clover, and the fawns followed her example in this. A Crow came flying into the scene and flew at the fawns. One fawn scampered after the Crow, which alighted on a large rock, and several more flew in. The fawns gave them a merry chase until the doe raised her flag again and hustled them off the field. They raised their flags as they followed her away. About five minutes later she reappeared, stopped at a cornstalk and smelled it over; the fawns followed and did the same, after which she raised her flag again and the whole family jumped the fence into the pasture. All the time while they were in the field we could see our tame white rabbit watching them in excited fashion from his cage, and standing on his hind legs with his ears going the whole time.

"We don't want to lose our corn, but we wouldn't have missed this for the world."

The Babbitts, Lewis and Corinne

Field Notes

A BEWICK'S WREN was seen in Sheffield Oct. 17 by Rosario Mazzeo and S. Waldo Bailey, a first record for Berkshire County.

Mrs. Pearl B. Care, a former teacher on our Audubon staff, writes that a PIL-EATED WOODPECKER recently appeared near her back door in Erving, on a small locust tree, giving them a thrilling sight.

Dr. John B. May reports five PIED-BILLED GREBES in Musquashiat Pond, North Scituate, Oct. 20. The next day there were two MIGRANT SHRIKES at the north end of the pond on a telephone wire. Oct. 27 there were about a dozen BALDPATES and one AMERICAN COOT in the pond. On Oct. 28 he heard two GREAT HORNED OWLS at 4:00 A.M. at his home in Cohasset, and three hours later about 30 CANADA GEESE flew over the house.

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Field Notes

Mrs. Walter Gropius of South Lincoln reports a late HOUSE WREN inspecting a feeding box in her garden Oct. 3.

Vernon S. Bagg of South Hadley writes that several times during the latter half of October he has seen a completely albino HORNED LARK feeding at West-over Field. On Nov. 3 there were 50 SNOW BUNTINGS feeding with the larks. Mr. Bagg states that the planes do not seem to disturb the birds unduly and he has found the larks nesting within 30 feet of runways and ramps. Last spring two WOODCOCK nests were found within ten feet of each other at the Field.

An immature PURPLE GALLINULE was seen at the Artichoke in West Newbury Oct. 16 by Mrs. David Searles and Mrs. Clara DeWindt.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Whiting noted four MUTE SWANS at Chatham Oct. 22.

An immature LITTLE BLUE HERON was observed in Eastham Oct. 27 by Dr. Charles G. Mixer.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Argue report a RAVEN at Rockport Oct. 12.

Mrs. Albert Snow recorded 24 PINE SISKINS in Winchester Oct. 22.

150 BALDPATES were seen on the pond at Monomoy Point Oct. 21 by Ludlow Griscom and party. The same day the Argues saw 104 at the Artichoke in West Newbury.

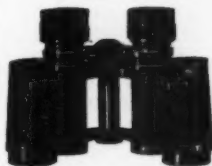
Mrs. Benjamin Cornwall, of Swampscott, reported recently that a *Pyracantha* bush, whose berries had been left untouched by the birds for the past two or three years, was completely stripped of its fruit this past fall by migrating Robins. *Pyracanthas* or Firethorns, as they are sometimes called, are much used in California, but are hardy here only in coastal areas, so have not often been used in landscape plantings. We are glad to have this information to supplement other material in our files on fruit-bearing shrubs that attract bird life.

Mrs. A. E. Coburn, of Gardner, writes that a female BALTIMORE ORIOLE was seen in her garden on November 14 and was still there the next day.

From Roxbury, Connecticut, Miss Elizabeth W. Clapp writes that two male CARDINALS were seen in the shrubbery in her garden on November 12 and were also observed picking up grain on the ground. Later the same day six PINE GROSBELLS were in the shrubs in front of the house. Miss Clapp enjoyed entertaining these visitors from the North and from the South.

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FIELD NOTES

A DICKCISSEL was present at the home of Mrs. E. E. Gross on Moon Hill Road, East Lexington, from Nov. 11 to 14. She also reported 2 FOX SPARROWS at that time.

Mrs. Paul E. Rice of Cohasset telephoned a report of about 12 EVENING GROSBEAKS near her place on Rice Island, Cohasset, Nov. 18.

We hear from Miss Miriam Dickey that the Children's Museum Bird Club, on their November 10 bird walk, observed twenty-five species of birds in two hours. There were twelve children in the group. Good work, boys and girls!

Mr. Charles J. Paine of Weston was astonished to find a strange bird in his banding trap on October 9, which turned out to be a GREEN-TAILED TOWHEE. The bird was around the place several times after releasing and in the meantime Mr. Paine kept it in possession for about an hour while he studied it carefully. As of early November the bird had not been seen but many of the Weston people, who operate bird-banding stations, are hoping that the Green-tail will turn up during the winter months. This is the second record for Mass., the first being the bird which spent the winter of 1946-47 in Northampton and was photographed at the feeding station by Mary Shaub.

This looks like another EVENING GROSBEAK year, so order plenty of sunflower seed, and you might try *Pecano* with them. Edward J. Knotts, Jr., of Rindge, N. H., reported several flocks seen there Oct. 7-10. Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Hayden saw 5 in Concord, N. H., Oct. 10. The L. B. Romaines entertained two at lunch Oct. 13 in Middleboro, Mass., and 10-15 were reported from Beverly Farms Oct. 14 by Samuel Cabot, Jr. Mrs. W. E. McArthur of Needham reported 18 there Oct. 15. Other early reports were from Mrs. Nields of Hardwick, 1 on Oct. 10, 1 on Oct. 13, 15 on Oct. 18; John Conkey, Ware, small numbers Oct. 13; Frank Bissett, Waltham, 25 on Oct. 19; later reports have been received from Arlington, Lincoln, Wales, Marblehead, Cohasset, Rockport, Ipswich and West Newbury.

From the middle to the last of October, Lester Spaulding had a WOOD THRUSH on his property at Middleboro which seemed to enjoy the bread crumbs and raisins which were thrown to him.

The CAROLINA WREN discovered in Lanesboro by Mrs. John A. Vreeland and Mrs. Donald Kitchin was still present near the north end of Pontoosuc lake in mid-October.

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FIELD NOTES

EVENING GROSBEAKS arrived in the Berkshires the earliest in history. Bartlett Hendricks heard a flock flying over his home on Oct. 8, and saw a single bird the next day. On the 12th were found in Williamstown by John Treadway while on the 15th 6 appeared at the feeder of Mr. and Mrs. Donnel D. MacCarthy of Pittsfield, and more of the beautiful yellow, black and white birds have been seen since then by various observers.

Mrs. Robert Frey, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who as Miss Joan Carter conducted the day camp in natural history at Arcadia Sanctuary this past summer, writes that they have found a good place on the Lake Shore for **HAWK** flights. Hundreds pass at a time — **SHARP-SHINNED** and **DUCK HAWKS** so low they can almost touch them.

A **NASHVILLE WARBLER** visited the home of Mrs. Walter Gropius in South Lincoln Nov. 1. A **BROWN THRASHER** lingered about her home until late October, feeding on chickfeed with **ENGLISH SPARROWS**, and ignoring the birdseed mixture nearby.

An early **LAPLAND LONGSPUR** was seen with a flock of **PIPITS** in West Newbury Sept. 29 by Miss Dorothy E. Snyder.

33 **WOOD DUCKS** were seen in Hancock, N. H., Sept. 28 by Mrs. Harry C. Sargent.

Mrs. S. Parker Hatch of West Hanover writes that on Oct. 8 a female **DICK-CISSEL** appeared with the **ENGLISH SPARROWS** at her feeders, her first visitor of this species. The next day a female **ROSE-BREADED GROSBEAK** visited the feeders.

Miss Hilda W. Williams and Mrs. Eleanor W. Furness of Brookline saw a male and a female **RED CROSSBILL** at Andrews Point, Rockport, Nov. 8.

William P. Wharton of Groton writes that 4 **PINE GROSBEAKS** were banded by him there Oct. 31. The Right Rev. Walter J. Furlong reported 15 Pine Grosbeaks seen in front of Archbishop's House on Commonwealth Ave., Brighton, Nov. 6. Others have been reported from West Newbury, Melrose, and the Arnold Arboretum in Massachusetts, and Dunbarton and Jackson, New Hampshire, recently.

A note from Lee W. Court at Monhegan Island, Maine, informs us that on October 17 he observed eighteen different species of birds there. Among the birds listed were Gannet, American Bittern, Barred Owl, Kingbird, Raven, Northern Shrike, Tree Sparrow, and Fox Sparrow.

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FIELD NOTES

From September 16 to 20 nearly 1900 MIGRATING HAWKS were counted over Mt. Tom, as reported to us by Mrs. Bertram Wellman. "The first three days produced only one or two hundred each, but by the 19th the flight was really started. That there should have been over 500 that day was surprising, for the weather continued warm and the wind was from the southwest. The 20th was still warm, with the wind coming from the north but soon changing to southeast; but by 11:30 A. M., groups of 60, 100, and 130 were passing the towers. They would mill about in a column like smoke from a chimney for perhaps several minutes, and then somewhere along the column would come a break and they would streak off almost in single file toward the south. This made them fairly easy to count. For two hours we would hardly have said good by to one milling mass before another one would be sighted to the north of it. Some passed on set wings right over the towers. Over 1100 were counted that day. Out of the total of nearly 1900, there were 1544 Broad-winged Hawks, over 200 Sharp-shinned, and 68 Ospreys, but only three Bald Eagles." All-day observers were Mrs. David Riedel, Mrs. Howard Alcorn, Aaron M. Bagg, Mrs. Hervey Elkins, and Mrs. Bertram Wellman.

On the evening of November 10, Edward G. Fisher observed a tremendous flight of GRACKLES over his farm at Holliston. The flock was moving from southeast to northwest, apparently searching for a roosting place for the night, and it took fifteen minutes for them to pass in an unbroken cloud. At its widest it was probably 100 feet across, but in places narrowed to only three or four birds wide. On the thirteenth he had a smaller flock coming in from the northwest, and dropping on to an open field of about half an acre, that he estimated contained about 10,000 birds. Mr. Fisher figured that the larger flock on the tenth must have numbered into the hundreds of thousands of Grackles.

Two AMERICAN BRANT were seen in Manchester Harbor Sept. 16 by Miss Frances L. Burnett.

Frank Jackson reports 5 AMERICAN EGRETS still in North Marshfield on Oct. 9. He also saw 50 CANADA GEESE there Oct. 12.

Willard R. May of Cohasset watched about 25 AMERICAN BRANT in the lee of Black Rock on the Cohasset-Hull boundary Oct. 24. He had a good opportunity to watch them on the water for some time before they flew.

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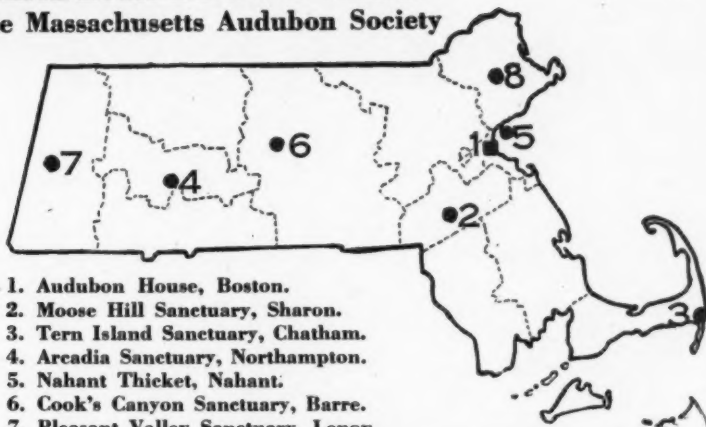
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